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SPECIAL ISSUE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

ISRAEL'S MOMENT OF TRUTH

It Can't Be Put Off Any Longer

Leon Wieseltier
Martin Peretz · Charles Krauthammer

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CORRESPONDENCE

MILLER TIME

To the editors:
What irritates David Denby about Arthur Miller ("Arthur Miller's Last Act," February 8) is Miller's grounding in a sense of outrage, which Denby feels is a pretense. Denby, however, is larger than that, and I am grateful to be advised by no less a transcendent literary figure than he that *Death of a Salesman* is merely "doggedly sincere . . . a minor work." This is hilarious stuff, particularly from a reviewer who is upset because Miller ruminates on an Italian whorehouse "without telling us if he slept with any of the girls" and because Miller does not fill us in on the "sexual excitement" of his relationship with Marilyn Monroe—all the while allowing graciously that "one hesitates . . . to instruct a man how to speak of a dead wife." Ah, the unembarrassed chutzpah of a reviewer reaching these heights of pomposity in order to chastize his object for being "pompous."

JEFFREY S. ROBINS
Boston, Massachusetts

To the editors:
David Denby confuses greatness with popularity. He correctly observes that to convey a serious message in America the writer cannot present himself as serious, but must "operate . . . indirectly using satire, stealth, and subterfuge." Denby's chief criticism of Miller is his failure to accommodate the contemporary American aversion to a serious message. But Miller writes of serious matters that should not be hidden behind satiric subtleties. Denby's criticism should be directed toward American popular culture, which apparently cannot abide even an autobiography unless it is dressed up with sex and laughs so one never suffers the discomfort of reading an unadorned serious thought.

MARK BAUMKEL
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

WAR GAMES

To the editors:
Arthur T. Hadley argues that the Goldwater-Nichols Military Reform Act of 1986 has revolutionized the military's way of conducting business ("Military Coup," January 18). Had the act not passed, he says, our Persian Gulf operations would have been "bungled" like the failed Iranian hostage rescue operation in 1980. This is a ridiculous contention. The Iranian mission failed, according to the commission that investigated it, because it relied on a special group assembled outside of normal military command structures. The Grenada operation, the interception of the aircraft carrying the Achille Lauro hijackers, and the strikes against Libya—all pre-Goldwater-Nichols evolutions—were successful because they were properly planned, coordinated, and executed through the established military chain of command.

Mr. Hadley's further contention that Navy "fleet admirals" refused to allow Army helicopters to fly off Navy ships in the Persian Gulf until Admiral Crowe intervened is *totally* inaccurate. As a member of the Joint Chiefs, I fully supported that joint initiative.

C. A. H. TROST
Admiral, U.S. Navy
Washington, D.C.

Arthur Hadley replies:
A basic conclusion of the "Holloway" report on the Iranian mission was that the rescue force should have been more unified, an impossibility before the Goldwater-Nichols reorganization. Was the Grenada operation a success when, for example, army casualties were refused treatment on a Naval hospital ship because the helicopter pilots ferrying them had not been to a naval pilot school? I stand by my statement about certain fleet admirals.

THE MORNING AFTER

To the editors:
There are similarities between the situation in Afghanistan, now that the Russians are getting ready to withdraw their troops, and the situation in Vietnam about 15 years ago ("Good Morning, Afghanistan," February 8). But for these similarities to be significant, two things would have to occur after the withdrawal: First, one faction of the anti-Soviet resistance would establish a dictatorship

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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,817

WASHINGTON, D.C. — MARCH 14, 1988

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FROM WASHINGTON

COME ON IN

"Economic nationalism" is becoming one of the buzz phrases of 1988. Reporters are using it to describe the policies advocated by presidential candidate Richard Gephardt. Democratic strategists hope it can give their party's image a tough, patriotic coating to make up for the Republican advantage on defense.

Any nation's economic policies ought to be based on its own self-interest. The question is whether the policies associated with "economic nationalism" serve America's interests. The phrase refers primarily to proposals for restrictions on trade, or imports of foreign goods. There is increasing alarm, though, about a related matter: imports of foreign money. "Foreign money is changing the face of America, the lives of Americans, and the nature of our political processes," write Martin and Susan Tolchin in their new book, *Buying Into America* (Times Books).

"Foreign" basically means Japanese. The recent sales of CBS Records to Sony and Firestone to Japan's Bridgestone—and the way Japanese banks have been snapping up downtown real estate—lead people to wonder whether we're selling our patrimony, and selling it cheap, due to the undervalued dollar. Felix Rohatyn predicts: "Sooner or later we may find it necessary to establish a legal mechanism to review such potential acquisitions from the point of view of the national interest."

Some commentators (not Rohatyn or the Tolchins) give the impression they think the emergence of economic "rivals" like Japan and South Korea is a great tragedy for the United States, that we'd be better off if they were still in ruins and underdevelopment. We wouldn't. Just as Lord & Taylor prefers to be in a mall that also has Bloomingdale's, richer neighbors and trading partners are good for the United States. We get a smaller slice of a much larger pie.

Growing foreign investment in the United States is part of a worldwide breaking down of international barriers in finance and business. American investment in foreign countries is growing at the same time. In fact, the United States still leads the world in direct foreign investment (buying whole companies, factories, and so on, as opposed to stocks and bonds). According to the *Economist*, America's new DFI was $25 billion in 1986. Japan came in third, behind Britain, at $14.5 billion. The biggest foreign investors here are Britain and Canada, not Japan.

The move to a world economy is undoubtedly stressful, but also undoubtedly healthy. America's prosperity derives in part from our bounty of natural resources, and also, of course, from our virtuous national character. But more than anything else, probably, it derives from having an internally unrestricted continentwide marketplace. There's no reason to suppose that a world economy won't make us more prosperous still.

Nevertheless, foreign investment here is increasing faster than American investment abroad, and Japanese investment here is increasing fastest of all. That's simply a function of our trade deficit. We're consuming more than we're producing, and giving people dollars instead. Those dollars *are* foreign investment in the United States, even if they're just left in bank accounts. As long as we're shoveling out the dollars, though, it's better for us to have them invested in hard assets than in pieces of paper and electronic blips. A $500 million blip can be withdrawn instantaneously. A downtown office building is not so easily liquidated. Hard assets give our foreign creditors a vested interest in our economy. In a way, their investment in America gives us more control over them than it gives them over us.

It would be better, of course, if we were consuming less and producing more. Given that we aren't, though, foreign investment has been our salvation. In the late 1970s and early 1980s I used to write editorials, like everyone else, warning that huge federal deficits were bound to cause renewed inflation and imminent catastrophe. It hasn't happened—yet—because foreigners have staked us. Maybe in retrospect we'll wish they hadn't, but the last few years at least have been a lot happier than they otherwise would have been.

Naturally, people only invest with the intention of eventually pocketing the profits. The growth of *net* foreign invest-

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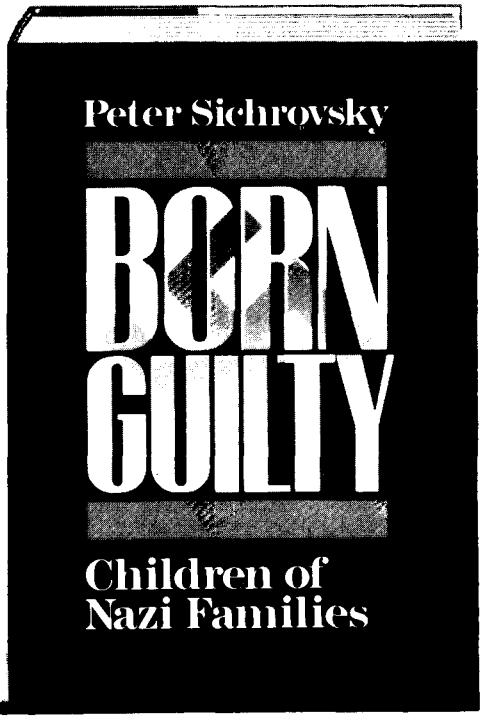

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 14, 1988

PAPAL GULL

Who would have thought that John Paul II, the Polish pope, would become an apostle of moral equivalence? You would think that the former Karol Wojtyla, having witnessed Soviet military occupation, Leninist political and cultural oppression, and Marxist economic decrepitude in his native land, would be stalwart in making moral distinctions between the democratic West and the totalitarian East, even in proclaiming that their rivalry retards the progress of humankind. Yet that truth-telling leadership is sadly missing in his new encyclical, *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis.*

He is said to have his earthly reasons for this: he does not want to diminish his international influence with seeming partisanship. He also has theological points to make that transcend geopolitics. He does tilt now and again toward democratic concepts of human rights and religious freedom, and he defends a "right of economic initiative" against government domination. Also, this encyclical does not have the blame-the-West-for-everything bias of Pope Paul VI's 1967 encyclical, *Populorum Progressio.* Unlike his predecessor, John Paul holds the underdeveloped world partly responsible for its own underdevelopment.

And yet, when it comes to judging the East and the West, the Pope cops out. "Each of the two blocs," he says, "tends to gather around it other countries or groups of countries, to different degrees of adherence or participation." "Each of the blocs harbors in its own way a tendency towards imperialism . . . or towards forms of neocolonialism." Liberal capitalism and Marxist collectivism (his designations) are "both . . . imperfect and in need of radical correction." The conflict between East and West is "an important cause of the retardation and stagnation of the South," rendering newly independent nations as "parts in a machine, cogs on a gigantic wheel." "A world which is divided into blocs, sustained by rigid ideologies, and in which instead of interdependence and solidarity different forms of imperialism hold sway, can only be a world subject to structures of sin," he says.

John Paul surely is right to say that the world would be better off if billions weren't spent on armaments and were spent on economic and social development instead, and if millions of people weren't killed in civil wars and deprived of food and education. On a higher plane, he is also right to say that, as all men sin in falling short of moral perfection, so the systems are subject to special "structures of sin"—the West's being "the all-consuming desire for profit" and the East's "the thirst for power, with the intention of imposing one's will on others." His major point is that there is a superior choice for humankind—*solidarity.*

By this he means not "a feeling of vague compassion or shallow distress at the misfortunes of so many people, both near and far, [but] a firm and persevering determination to commit oneself to the common good . . . the good of all and each individual, because we are all really responsible for all." Those of us in the West surely need rededication to this ideal, especially in this pivotal election year, when Americans have the opportunity

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to depart from an era of self-indulgence and greed (the "me" decade and the "my" decade) to a time of revived social concern focused on our own underclass, the moral climate we live in, and poverty and debt in the rest of the world.

Even adopting the name of Poland's outlawed free labor movement for his highest principle of political action, it does not advance the cause of human progress for one of the world's pre-eminent moral leaders to say that liberal capitalism and Marxist collectivism are equally imperfect and equally to blame for the woes of the world. As John Paul surely knows, the two blocs are not held together by the same glue. America's 325,000 troops are in Western Europe by invitation; 865,000 Soviet troops are stationed in Eastern Europe for subjugation. The two sides are not equally imperialist. Whether out of aggressiveness or paranoia, the Soviet Union has been accreting country after country to its domain almost since its founding, starting with the Baltic states and extending now to Cuba, Angola, Vietnam, Cambodia, Nicaragua, and Afghanistan. The United States has intervened sparingly and, with a few shameful exceptions, defensively. Misguided though it was strategically, even the Vietnam War was morally justifiable at its outset.

Also, if nations and blocs can be judged by the Biblical measure "by their fruits shall ye know them," then the liberal capitalist West deserves to be declared superior to the East. The West is home to "the right of economic initiative" and to religious freedom. It's true that capitalism is dedicated to profit and individual self-interest and encourages consumerism. Once it was also guided by the philosophy of Social Darwinism, but

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

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1. PRESENCE OF MALICE

Dole. Dole's now typed by Central Media Casting: he's mean. Typing is the major function of the popular press at election time; it simplifies things, and eases the flow of conventional wisdom. Among typing's properties is that one type will fade when an incongruous type is opposed to it. The Dole Pit Bull, for example, put an end (for now) to the Bush Wimp. Wimp Bites Pit Bull won't play on the politics page.

2. FLAYING THE SYSTEM

Election themes. The third great theme of the election has arrived. The first was that campaigns are Too Grueling. (Grueling is now ok; it winnows.) The second: The Primary System is a Mess. (We're well into it now, so never mind.) Comes the third: Coverage is Not Serious, the campaign is called like a horse race. Coming: The Major Parties are Dinosaurs, their conventions are circuses.

3. TYRED OUT

Higgins. William Higgins's abduction was like getting hit in an old wound: painful, but the culture rolled with a familiar punch. The brief frisson over possible rescue felt like a Mitty daydream. The (public) reality is that the U.S. seems reduced to a pawn in intra-Shiite rivalry. "Our" side, Amal, excites little sympathy in a humiliated public. Worst of all is the squabbling by hostage relatives over priority of release.

4. THE LOIN AND THE LAMB

Swaggart. Whether you like Jimmy Swaggart or not, his public reaction to getting caught is just what his subculture demands: confession and repentance. As for the crisis of TV evangelism, it's short-lived. In the 1950s there was a genuine scandal involving "healed" worshippers who soon died. Some of those healers are still laying on hands. In relative terms, mere carnality ain't much.

5. PATRIOTIC GORE

Gore. From "Doonesbury" to TNR, Gore's Southern gamble has gotten him significant attention. Should it succeed, it will change the context of Iowa and New Hampshire. Right now, though, the impressive thing is how many hopefuls are lined up at the trough of blue-collar conservative Democrats. Gore's there, but so is a strong Gephardt, and so is Pat Robertson, who needs them in the cross-over states.

6. STINGING UNTO ZION

Palestinians. The terms of the Palestinian debate are changed, and the evidence is less on the editorial page than on the Jules Feiffer-Art Buchwald pages. Not only is the pro-Israeli position now subject to mass-circulation ridicule, but an anti-Israeli revisionism is becoming more visible as well. It argues that Israeli brutality is not an aberration, but standard behavior.

7. EXNER MARKS THE SHOT

Judith Exner. Judith Exner's new Kennedy-Giancana confession may or may not be true, but when the gossip sheets are done with it, it is headed for eternal life among JFK assassination obsessives. One of the better theories out of their massive literature is that the mob shot Kennedy, a response to RFK anti-mob actions. Evidence of personal contact strengthens conjectures of personal vendetta.

8. GROWING PAINS

Child care. Day care has emerged as the U.S.'s major social crisis point, overtaking homelessness as winter wanes. Even the foreign press is exploiting such phenomena as the all-day dumping of kids at public libraries. This isn't a debate over the state's role so much as a waiting game; few voices any longer challenge middle-class welfarism, even fewer champion at-home motherhood.

9. DRUGS IN STORE

Drug legalization. A debate over legalizing drugs is becoming audible. Elite media, from noncommercial radio to *National Review* (!) to a growing number of op-ed voices, are suggesting that the situation needs examination. With cops getting semiautomatic weapons, and citizens getting bigger taxes due to the escalating but futile drug war, this debate is on the way to the mainstream.

10. CARRY ON JUMPING

Olympics. Myopic Olympic ski jumper Eddy "the Eagle" Edwards, the one-man British ski-jumping team, was straight out of an old Ealing Studios comedy. Whether that was good or bad depended on your cultural values. The U.S. press embraced him as a Common Man in the midst of specialists. Europe, though, was unhappy. Its sports press portrayed him as an unwelcome clown, a man out of his class.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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that is clearly no longer true. Almost everywhere in the West the welfare state prevails. Flawed as contemporary capitalist countries are in terms of poverty and economic distribution, they clearly provide the masses with a higher standard of living and opportunity for fulfillment than Socialist countries do. Socialism, for all its altruistic proclamations, produces cultures that are far more materialistic and less spiritual than liberal capitalism does.

Debilitiating as the rivalry between the blocs may be for the Third World, the Pope ought to have acknowledged that the West historically has been the world's chief source of development aid, while the Soviet bloc has been merely a purveyor of arms and agitprop. In 1986 the Soviets for the first time surpassed the United States in percentage of GNP going to development assistance. But except for India, which received 4 percent of the total, all the recipient countries were Soviet clients. The United States supported more than 80 countries, many non-aligned. Historically, the West is also the source of the world's major inventions in agriculture, medicine, communications, and industry—which make it physically possible for the world's people to have a better life, if only we can figure out politically and morally how to help them attain it.

Morally, John Paul tells us that we must be transformed. In keeping with the idea of *solidarity*, he says that we should see others—whether persons, people, or nations—"not just as some kind of instrument, with a work capacity and physical strength to be exploited at low cost and then discarded, but as our 'neighbor,' a 'helper' to be made a sharer, on a par with ourselves in the banquet of life to which all are equally invited by God."

Politically, he should be more practical, but he is not. He merely tells us that the bloc system should be abolished, that economic, military, and political imperialism should be abandoned, and "a real international system" should be established based on equality among nations. He avoids grappling with continuing realities, notably the imperialism of the Soviet bloc, the need for free and almost-free people to defend themselves, and the unwilligness of the foremost existing international organization, the United Nations, to deal with world problems on a fair basis. This is another example of the Pope's unfortunate failure, based on political considerations, to tell the whole truth—a truth that might help set the world free.

NOTEBOOK

□ THEIR OWN PETARD: The conservative judicial activists in and around the Reagan administration have devoted their most creative energies to reviving the dormant constitutional doctrine of the Separation of Powers. Just a few weeks ago they got the D.C. Federal Court of Appeals to invalidate the law authorizing court-appointed independent prosecutors to investigate executive branch abuses. (See "Reactionary Activism," by Simon Lazarus and Peter Swire, TNR, February 22.) Two years ago they persuaded the Supreme Court to throw out the automatic spending cuts of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings budget act. Last summer they defended Lt. Col. Oliver North's brazen violation of the Boland Amendment by asserting that this law forbidding government aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* was unconstitutional anyway. However, as these same conservatives like to point out when criticizing liberal judicial activism, activist doctrines have a way of running away with you. On February 18 a federal district court in San Diego threw out the new federal prison sentencing guidelines on the grounds that the commission that wrote them, composed of three judges and four members of the executive branch, violated—yes—the Separation of Powers. These guidelines, standardizing and toughening prison sentences, were one of the Reagan Justice Department's proudest accomplishments. Now they have been overruled on what the Reaganites are right to see as a ludicrous technicality—the same technicality, however, they have invoked to overrule laws they don't like. The successful suit over the prison guidelines was brought by attorney Alan Morrison, an associate of Ralph Nader. The Justice Department is appealing.

□ GOD KNOWS:

Robertson stands by his statement on Cuban missiles

—*Boston Globe*, February 16

Robertson retreats on Cuban missiles

—*Boston Herald*, same day

(Thanks to Eric J. Evans, Brookline, Massachusetts)

□ TRADE WINDS:

Japan's Surplus In Trade Grew From December

—*Wall Street Journal*, February 16

Japan's Trade Surplus Narrows

—*New York Times*, same day

(Thanks to Chas Cadwell, Washington, D.C.)

□ FRIENDLY SKIES: Not that we're jealous or anything, but the February 19 *Economist* carries an ad that TNR has never managed to get. It's for Iran Air, "the Airline of the Islamic Republic of Iran." In light of Iran's apparent involvement in any number of international hijackings and kidnappings, including the disappearance of Lt. Col. William Higgins in Beirut on February 17, Iran Air's slogan, "A new tradition of care," should be interpreted with caution. According to the ad, "Iran Air has professional service staff whose constant care and particular attention to detail in the air and on the ground can be relied on. You can relax confident in the knowledge that your comfort and well-being are Iran Air's primary concern." Thanks, but we'll walk. □

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Political consultancy, B.C.

CICERO'S GUIDE

IN 64 B.C. the Roman lawyer and politician Senator Marcus Cicero decided to run for consul, which was the great republic's title for its equivalent of the office of president. So far so good, except that the Romans had two presidents serving at the same time, and, what's more for you people who complain about the frequency of our elections, their terms lasted only one year.

Marcus had a brother Quintus, who seems to have functioned as a kind of campaign consultant. In any event he wrote a short book for his older brother called *Commentariolum Petitionis*, which we might translate as "A Campaign Handbook, or How to Get Elected In Old Rome." It turns out that elections over the millennia haven't changed much.

One of the first things you must do is explain away your record. Thus Quintus tells candidate Marcus, "You have to send your friends out to persuade the conservatives that your political sympathies have always been with them and that you have been far from being a populist," . . . and that if it may have appeared in the past that Marcus talked like a populist, he was only doing it to get elected. In general Quintus's byword was, don't talk about the issues: "During the campaign, you must not deal with politics either in the Senate or in political meetings with the People."

Marcus might as well recognize the fact that a candidate for public office strips himself of all dignity: "What you urgently need is ingratiation (*blanditia* in Latin), which may be a base fault in the rest of life, but in a campaign is indispensable. For it is vile when flattery is used to corrupt a man but . . . indispensable for a candidate, whose facial expression and conversation must be modified and adapted to humor the inclination of all whom he meets."

Quintus has a realpolitik approach to the question of making promises to the electorate: "People want not only promises—especially in their demands from a candidate—but promises made in a lavish and complimentary way." Hear that, Bruce Babbitt? When it comes to promises, Quintus instructs Marcus that the voters "are all in the mood that they had rather you lied to them than refused them. Caius Cotta, a past master at electioneering, used to say that he used to promise his help to all, but give it to them he expected he was making the best investment in." As for constituent requests, it's Quintus's opinion that, "Whatever you cannot perform, decline gracefully or better don't decline, for a good man will do the former but a good candidate will do the latter."

The Roman electoral system was as bewilderingly illogical as ours, with our caucuses, straw polls, primaries, and state conventions. This isn't surprising, given the underlying dynamics of both. The Roman politician, like his American counterpart, understood that nothing can be allowed to stand in the way of the chase after the voters: "Pursue them, send agents to them, show them how you esteem things," wrote Quintus. "Comprehend in your mind and memory the whole of Italy . . . and let there be no town, colony, rural district, or indeed any place in Italy where you lack support. Inquire and seek out men everywhere, get to know them, pursue them, see that they canvass their localities for you and act like candidates on your behalf. . . . Pursue them by . . . using discourse appropriate to the purpose. For instance, small town and country folk think themselves our friends if we know them by name." Imagine a Roman Richard Gephardt putting aside his big-city toga to don more informal apparel for rural campaigning. Quintus reminds his brother that winning this game "requires a memory for names, an ingratiating manner, constant attendance, a fine political image [but] first, show off your habit of knowing people. . . ."

The Romans too had election laws, one of which forbade hiring somebody with a photographic memory to stand next to you to whisper the voters' names in your ear. Such an illegal person was called a nomenclator, and nearly everybody had one. Candidates also were not supposed to bribe the voters, but to prevent Marcus's opponents from doing so, Quintus tells him, "Put the fear of prosecution and its dangers in your competitors; let them know they are under your watchful observation." History tells us that this system was about as effective as the Federal Election Commission.

To get campaign workers, Quintus says that his lawyer-politician brother should call in all his chits and markers. "Demand of them plainly that since it is due to your unpaid efforts that they have retained their property, or their reputation or their life, and all their fortunes, and since there will never be another chance for them to thank you, they should repay you by this service."

Human nature being what it is, Quintus reminds his brother that "if anybody has committed himself to you, and you hear or see that he is double-crossing you, pretend not to have heard or noticed it; if anybody, thinking that you suspect him, tries to clear himself, assure him that you have never doubted his good faith." Such are the small eternal duplicities of politics. In any event, Marcus is advised to put on a full court press to get everybody he can working for him in the campaign: "The endeavors of friends should be enlisted by kindnesses and observance of duties and old acquaintance and affability and natural charm. But the word friend has a wider application in a campaign than in the rest of life, for anybody who shows you some goodwill . . . is to be counted as a friend." Quintus says to get blood relatives and in-laws, fellow club and fraternity members involved—to get everybody, including "your freedmen, and finally even your slaves, for the talk which makes one's public reputation generally emanates that from sources in one's own household."

The Romans even had their equivalent of the 30-second political commercial, as reflected by the campaign sloganeering that can still be read on the walls of old Pompeii: "YOUR BEST FRIEND: MARCUS MARIUS—ELECT HIM AEDILE [town commissioner]! NUMERIUS VEIUS BARCHA, MAY YOU ROT! QUINCTUS! LET ANYONE WHO VOTES AGAINST HIM TAKE A SEAT BY AN ASS."

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With all of Bob Dole's complaints about the negative things George Bush is saying about him, he can thank his lucky stars he isn't running against Marcus Cicero. Quintus suggested that Marcus tell the voters his opponent was "born in his father's beggary, bred in his sister's debauchery," and that "he has raped children in smocks practically at their parents' knees." In addition to child molestation, the opponent lived with "actors and gladiators" who helped him murder a man. You have to understand that republican Rome had a weak party system, so that elections tended to focus not on issues but on personalities.

How the hell do you say *plus ça change* in Latin?

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The money behind the '88 election.

THE CASH CAMPAIGN

BY BRIAN SULLAM

MICHAEL S. DUKAKIS is the man to beat among the Democrats, but not for the reasons we have been hearing. Much more impressive than his showing at the polls was his victory in the "money" election held last year. Collecting $10.2 million—nearly $6 million more than his closest competitor—Dukakis won big in the Cambridge living rooms and New York ballrooms where the real money is raised to finance the quest for the Democratic presidential nomination.

When Dukakis's staff knocked off Senator Joseph Biden last fall, they eliminated the only formidable candidate challenging him for fundraising supremacy. Although the two candidates were extremely low in the national recognition polls, they were in a very tight battle in the race to collect money, the only battle that mattered last September. Dukakis had raised about $5 million in large contributions, but Biden's organization had raised $3.7 million and showed no signs of slowing down. None of the other Democrats was even close. Six months after dropping out, Biden has collected more in New York in large contributions ($1,160,000) than any of the other candidates still in the race.

This obscure event between two candidates at five percent in the polls may have determined the Democratic nominee for president. It wasn't character that mattered; it was money. In hindsight, it is understandable why Dukakis agonized over firing campaign manager John Sasso. This was the man who had cleared the way for him. By forcing Biden out, Sasso had made Dukakis the front-runner six months before voters cast the first ballots in Iowa.

The Massachusetts governor enters the Super Tuesday primaries with at least $2 million in cash on hand, according to reports filed with the Federal Election Commission. Dukakis can buy the television time, staff the organizations, and fill the delegate slates in all the 20 states holding primaries and caucuses on March 8. His strongest opponents in Iowa and New Hampshire—Illinois Senator Paul Simon and Missouri Representative Richard Gephardt—are struggling financially. They will have to borrow heavily if they want to mount the kinds of campaigns that can eliminate Dukakis as front-runner. The campaigns of Bruce Babbitt and Gary Hart are over. Of the low-budget Democrats, only Jesse Jackson can survive, mainly because nobody expected him to be a winner. Tennessee Senator Albert Gore Jr., who avoided Iowa and New Hampshire, is the only other Democrat with large amounts of money. In the coming weeks, Gore will find out whether his decision to husband his resources until the Southern primaries will pay off.

Since 1974, when the federal campaign spending laws were dramatically amended to prevent the kinds of abuses that cropped up in Richard Nixon's re-election campaign, the presidential fundraising process has become a whole new game. Individuals are limited to giving $1,000 to a presidential candidate. Since no person can give more than $1,000 to any campaign, fund-raisers must look to other sources than the six-figure liberal bankrollers who used to finance Democratic campaigns.

To succeed in the money race today a campaign must follow four basic rules: 1) come from a state that can generate three or four million dollars in contributions, 2) occupy a governmental position that can be used to extract contributions, 3) identify and cultivate a network of people capable of raising large sums of money quickly, and 4) don't waste time in states or with people who can't produce money. The Dukakis fund-raising effort followed them all.

Dukakis took full advantage of Massachusetts's beneficence in building a strong fund-raising base. He collected more than $2.8 million in itemized contributions reported to the FEC. His closest competitor was Gore, who collected $1.3 million in Tennessee.

Last April, when Dukakis declared his candidacy, his

Brian Sullam is a reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*. Research for this article was supported by a grant from the Project for Investigative Reporting on Money in Politics. Eric McFarland served as computer consultant, using data provided by Washington On-Line.

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campaign organization had no money. Hart led all the recognition polls, and had collected more than $1.5 million. Biden, who was barely registering in the polls, had amassed $2.1 million in campaign funds. Dukakis had very little credibility as a candidate. Many pundits were amazed that this liberal Yankee Democrat was presumptuous enough to present himself as a presidential candidate.

It took only one night for Dukakis to turn himself into a player. In June his campaign staged a Boston fund-raiser that raised $2 million. Kristin Demong, Dukakis's national finance director, said the goal was to raise $1 million, which was considerably more than a Massachusetts politician had ever raised. Tickets for the event were $1,000 a head, and contributors didn't even get dinner. "We had open bars and some bowls of shrimp scattered around but not much more," says Demong. "We didn't get any complaints."

DUKAKIS ALSO exploited his position as an incumbent midterm governor. "A governor of a state does a lot more business with people who are conditioned to give to political campaigns," says one political consultant. The Massachusetts contributors who gave Dukakis $1,000 include architects, real estate developers, construction company executives, and lawyers—the usual list of people that all governors target for money.

Contributing to Dukakis's presidential bid is a no-lose proposition. Contributors not only get the emotional high from supporting a favorite son for the nation's highest office, but they also are keeping a governor—who controls considerable patronage—happy. If Dukakis's presidential campaign succeeds, the money will have helped a winning effort. If it fails, the money will ensure continued access to an important elected official.

A governor also has less obvious advantages. He has more regular contact with the heads of the corporations than any other politician. Dukakis used his close ties to Boston's high tech industry to aid in his quest for money. Kristin Demong cites the example of Joseph Henson, the head of Prime Computer, writing letters of introduction and making phone calls to computer industry executives in California's Silicon Valley, another mother lode of money for presidential aspirants. An Wang, the Chinese immigrant who founded Wang Laboratories, headquartered in Lowell, Massachusetts, and became a multimillionaire, has accompanied Dukakis on a number of campaign and fund-raising appearances. Associating with successful corporate executives can dispel some of the fears the corporate community has about liberal Democratic candidates.

In addition, a governor has easy access to Wall Street. At some point, most state governments have to float bonds, which are inevitably underwritten by the large New York investment houses. Investment bankers are stupendous sources of campaign contributions. Among those who gave to Dukakis were John H. Gutfreund, head of Salomon Inc.; Henry Kaufman, who until recently was Salomon's chief economist; Richard Jenrette, one of the founders of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette; Robert Hormats, a former Carter administration trade and Treasury official now with Goldman, Sachs & Co.; Richard Leone, of Dillon, Read; and Bruce Wasserstein, the mergers and acquisitions wunderkind who just left First Boston (which, despite its name, is located in New York).

BUT THE most important source of funds over the long run is the network of contributors that a candidate builds up from his core supporters. Campaign treasurers can no longer target "fat cats" like W. Clement Stone (who holds the record for political largess by giving $1 million to Nixon's 1972 campaign). This does not mean that they are shaking $50 contributions out of little neighborhood rallies, as reformers might have wished. Today's Democratic fund-raisers target the "grass-roots rich," the great mass of Americans who can write out checks of $500 to $1,000 without jeopardizing their vacation plans. Under the new rules, fat cats are out and plump cats are in.

Plump cats are not easy to locate. The genius of Dukakis's head money man, Robert A. Farmer, was to realize the existence of this contributor class and develop a strategy to identify its members and exploit them. It's not just their money that is important; it's their contacts. The finance workers reach contributors through networks of friends and neighbors, perhaps more through their trade groups or political committees.

There are a few legendary collectors who can personally raise $250,000. Considerable attention has been paid to these heavy hitters, who include Nathan Landow, a Maryland developer, and Jess Hay, head of a large Dallas mortgage banking company, who both back Gore; Duane Garrett, a San Francisco attorney who collected for Babbitt; and San Francisco developer Walter Shorenstein, who is working for Gephardt. But a handful of big collectors isn't enough to build an effective network: you need a large cadre of collectors.

These networks look a lot like the classic Ponzi schemes. The core group of contributors put up the $1,000 legal limit, and then search out a half-dozen people who match that amount and who find another half-dozen people who give $1,000. Virtually all the candidates have tried to build these networks, but Dukakis has had the most success. He has about 800 people serving on his finance committee, and they are operating in 25 different states.

Although plump cat contributors to all campaigns number less than 50,000, they are responsible for about two-thirds of the total dollars Democrats raised. An existing network is an enormous advantage, which is one reason the candidates' home states are critical in the money race. The home states of Arizona (Babbitt), Illinois (Jackson and Simon), Massachusetts (Dukakis), Missouri (Gephardt), and Tennessee (Gore) provided nearly $8 million of the $22.5 million raised in itemized contributions. These five states alone accounted for 28 percent of all the contributions Democratic candidates collected.

Campaign managers assume that money controls votes, but this does not mean that money and votes come from the same places. Nationally, the money is more heavily skewed than population. The five home states plus New

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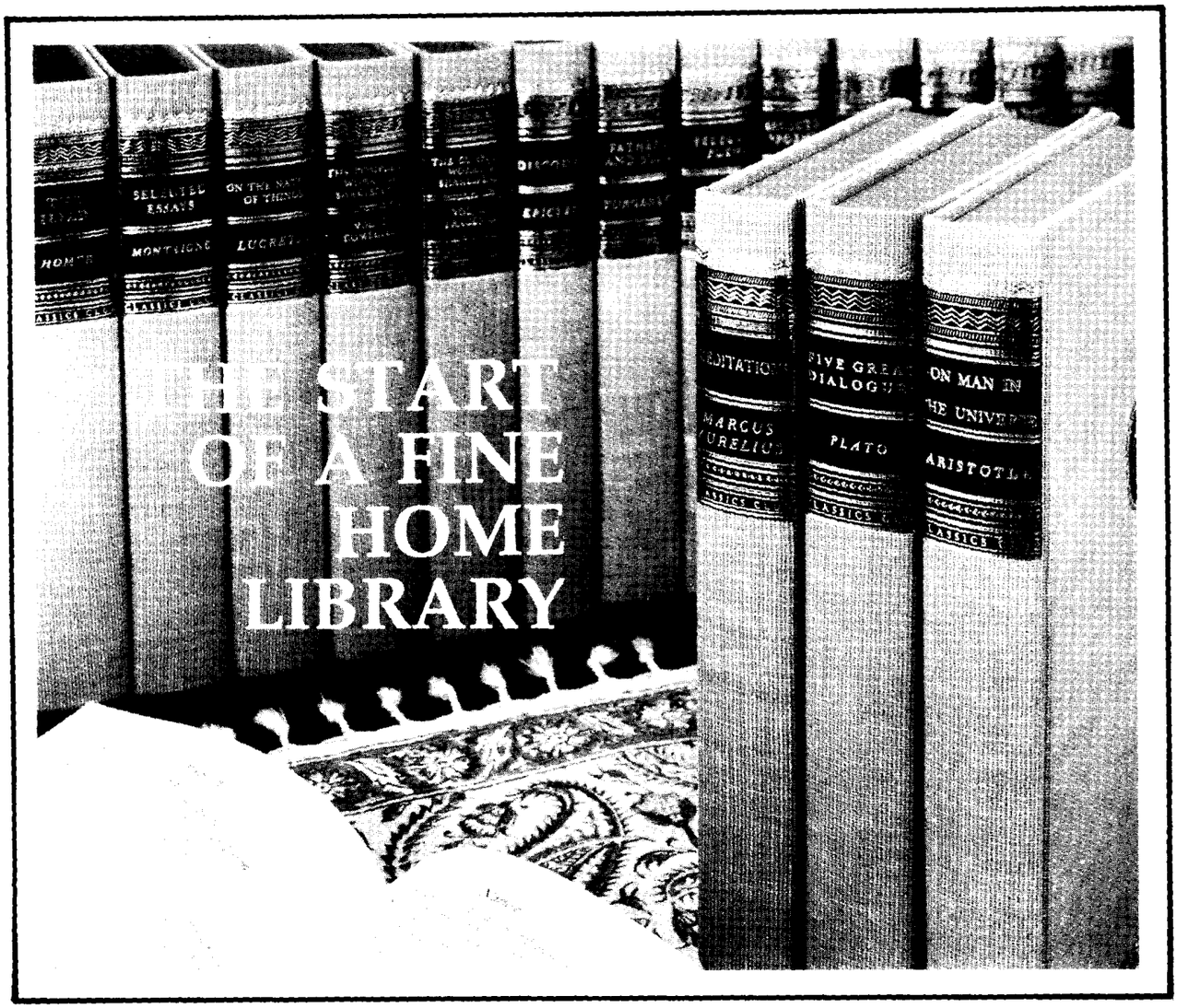

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York and California provided 61 percent of the Democratic money; the top 12 states provided 78 percent of the candidates' campaign contributions. No candidate would hope to win the nomination without votes from the central block of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, but Dukakis shrewdly ignored those states in the early fund-raising efforts. (Those five states sent $701,097 in itemized contributions to all Democratic candidates, about three percent of the total, which was not much more than Babbitt got from his home state of Arizona.)

Ironically, the Iowas and New Hampshires of fund-raising are the very states that usually complain the most about their lack of influence in the presidential nominating process: California, Illinois, and New York. On the eve of the Iowa caucuses, Willie Brown, speaker of California's House of Representatives, remarked that the Democratic presidential candidates used his state as a "gold mine" to finance their campaigns in less important states.

Money is heavily concentrated by geography and size of contribution. Dukakis raised $3.4 million in $1,000 contributions, most of which came from Massachusetts ($1.5 million), New York ($591,000), and California ($358,000). What Dukakis raised in those three states in $1,000 contributions is just a little less than what all the Democrats raised from the 38 states that made the smallest contributions to Democrats. Iowa and New Hampshire raised minuscule amounts for the candidates. Voters there contributed $142,027, or .63 percent of the national total, which is certainly less than the national press corps ran up in credit card charges covering the campaign.

In the critical contribution states Dukakis has cast a wide net. Doctors, lawyers, and university professors have been big givers. He has also done well with people who own their own businesses—from financial advisers to restauranteurs. Perhaps his best network, not surprisingly, is Americans of Greek ancestry, who have provided 20 percent of his money: from doctors to waiters, all segments are giving him the maximum allowable amounts. He even did well in Hollywood. Norman Lear, who gave to a number of candidates, chipped in $1,000 to Dukakis. Sally Field and her husband Alan Griesman kicked in a like amount. Television star Kate Jackson, Jack Nicholson, MGM chief executive Alan Ladd Jr., and television producer Aaron Spelling all gave to Dukakis.

OF COURSE money isn't everything. To make it to the White House, a candidate has to be attractive and have a message voters want to hear. But a good candidate can't make any headway without money. It has become crucial because the nominating process is now "front-loaded." Huge blocks of delegates are being chosen early, nearly half of them on March 8. To gather momentum before Super Tuesday, candidates begin their campaigns in Iowa and New Hampshire 18 months before the voters in those states cast their votes. Large amounts of money are needed before the federal matching funds are distributed on January 1.

The lack of money has undermined many a political campaign. Four years ago Gary Hart won victories in New Hampshire and Florida, but his financially starved campaign could not fully capitalize on his surge in popular support. In fact, Hart's impoverished 1984 presidential race is still haunting him. Even before the Donna Rice blowup last summer and Hart's seven-month withdrawal from the campaign, the $1.8 million debt was like an anchor dragging down the fund-raising efforts for his 1988 campaign. His finance staff had to divide its time between retiring his 1984 debt and raising money for the 1988 race. Last year several creditors attempted to seize proceeds from Hart's fund-raising events—hardly the kind of publicity a candidate wants. If Dukakis's organization had been poorer, he would not have survived the firing of his campaign managers and the bad publicity following the leaked videotape of Biden. Mondale's financial strength kept his campaign afloat in 1984 when Hart was giving it a good battering in the early primaries.

BECAUSE THE votes are located in different states than the money, fund-raising is separate from political organizing. But fund-raising doesn't take place in a vacuum. A strong showing in Iowa and New Hampshire can accelerate contributions, but all too often the money comes too late to be used to transform strong showings at the polls into convention delegates. Delegate slates have to be lined up months in advance, and it does a campaign little good to have lots of voters turning out if there aren't any delegates to vote for. Dukakis was operating a national campaign by the end of 1987, while his opponents were focused on Iowa and New Hampshire.

At the moment, the Gephardt and Simon campaigns are operating hand to mouth and are just beginning their political organizing in the Super Tuesday states. Gephardt has shown strong electoral support in Iowa and New Hampshire, but he exhausted most of his resources in those states and has very little available cash at the moment. Gephardt raised less than $1 million in itemized contributions from Missouri, his home state. Only Babbitt (who raised $539,000 in Arizona) and Jackson ($75,600 in Illinois) did worse.

Contributions from political action committees have so dominated congressional races that we have come to believe PACs play an important part in the presidential races. They don't. Out of the $29 million Democratic presidential candidates collected in 1987, only about $745,000 came from PACs. Most business and labor PACs pour their treasure into Congress, where the high rate of incumbency (98 percent in 1986) assures a minimum of wasted money. PACs don't want to risk their money in presidential primary races where the outcome is so uncertain. Even if they pick a winner, their impact (PACs are limited to a maximum contribution of $5,000 to presidential candidates) is imperceptible in a presidential primary campaign that will cost $20 million.

Gephardt was the most successful Democrat in raising PAC money. But through the end of 1987, he received $341,000, a mere fraction of what he needed. And his campaign staff doesn't expect to raise much more. "I think the

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PAC money is just about tapped out," says Boyd Lewis, Gephardt's national finance director.

As one of the top-ranking Democrats on the House Ways and Means Committee, Gephardt also was able to collect a good bit of money from the Washington Beltway crowd. He received about $110,000 from D.C. residents. Gore, an incumbent senator, collected about $106,000. Sitting on the Armed Services Committee doesn't generate a lot of contributions. "Defense contractors don't generally make political contributions," says Peter Knight, Gore's finance director.

Ironically, Dukakis collected more in large sums ($200 and up) than the others in the nation's capital (totaling $146,000). Couple that with his refrain that he didn't accept "one dime of PAC money," and you begin to see why he is the front-runner. Dukakis was able to reap the political benefits of separating himself from PAC money but take advantage of the same people who contribute to those organizations.

It took a lot of money for Gephardt to win in Iowa. He had to spend close to 190 days in the state before the caucuses and launch a saturation TV advertising campaign. To pay for many of those trips (and get around the federal campaign laws), Gephardt relied on his personal PAC: the Effective Government Committee. The committee, whose ostensible purpose is to support Democratic candidates running for public office, spent several hundred thousand dollars building a campaign staff and laying the groundwork for the Iowa caucuses months before Gephardt formally declared his candidacy. As a result, there is no precise way to measure how much money Gephardt spent in Iowa.

The amount, whatever it may be, was greater than what will appear on his campaign spending reports. Not only did he use his PAC to campaign in Iowa, but his opponents charge that Gephardt's campaign, which waged an impressive TV ad blitz in the final week, exceeded the FEC state spending limit of $778,000 in Iowa. Considering that the personal PAC spent $750,000 on staff salaries and Gephardt's travel, the Missouri representative may have spent more than $1.5 million to win in Iowa. (He wasn't alone in exceeding the FEC's limit for Iowa. Campaign staffs of all the candidates concede that no one pays much attention to the limit, particularly when the stakes are perceived to be so high and the FEC's punishment so slight—usually a small fine imposed years after the violation.)

Simon's campaign is in bad shape. His campaign exhausted its money in the first two states and is now in debt. He was able to raise more than $1 million in Illinois, but though he raised more than $500,000 in New York and California, he got only meager sums elsewhere. Simon's former campaign finance director, Robert Edgar, admits: "We have been using the chaotic approach." The campaign relies on direct mail and telephone solicitations along with personal appearances and pleas by the candidate.

Among the Democrats, Babbitt had the most trouble raising money, but of the $1.8 million he collected through the end of the year, about 44 percent came from Arizona. "It is hard coming from a small, sleepy state like Arizona," says Vada Manager, one of Babbitt's advisers. "He doesn't get the kind of exposure that you do in the major [media] markets like Washington or Boston." The campaign held a kickoff fund-raiser last year that attracted people who knew Babbitt from his days as Arizona's governor. But he was not able to corral much more money from his home state.

Hart's campaign was raising more than $250,000 a month until he met the *Miami Herald* reporters outside his Washington townhouse. In April he raised nearly $700,000. By dropping out, Hart killed off any further effective fund-raising effort. Colorado has been an important source of his funds, providing him with 19 percent of his total itemized contributions, but California has been even more important. It provided Hart with 22 percent. He also did well among the large contributors, receiving nearly 1,000 contributions of the maximum.

Jesse Jackson, who can claim both South Carolina and Illinois as home states, received more than 14 percent of his contributions from Illinois. Unlike the rest of his fellow Democrats, Jackson has had little success collecting the large contributions. He received only 14 contributions of $1,000 in Illinois, compared with Dukakis, who received 1,515 in Massachusetts alone. But Jackson has realized the importance of fund-raising networks. In October he was able to get 31 McDonald's franchise owners to donate between $500 and $1,000 to his campaign. The potential take from that kind of network is greater than the Sunday church collections his campaign attempted in January.

AS THE candidate who is supposed to benefit from the Southern orientation of Super Tuesday, Gore is given the best chance of toppling Dukakis. He has cash to spend, but much less than he may need. Gore did well in Tennessee, raising over $1.7 million. However, if Gore's fund-raising efforts in the rest of the South are an indication of his electoral support, he is in for a struggle. Not counting Tennessee, Gore was able to raise only about $600,000 in large contributions in the Southern states. Gore's real competition in the South may come from Gephardt, who raised $950,000 in the deep Southern states. Dukakis, who according to conventional wisdom shouldn't do well at all in the South, collected about $700,000 in large contributions in the region, about $100,000 more than Gore.

Dukakis was one of the last Democrats to enter the presidential primary race, but this was more than offset by his ability to collect money. Even though the campaign has more cash than any other, it is continuing to raise money aggressively. Major fund-raisers are scheduled at the rate of three or four a week, and in most cases Dukakis doesn't even show up. Instead, the campaign uses surrogates, who apparently are effective draws. Comparing his campaign reports with those of his opponents, it is clear that his people targeted the best markets for money and, in most cases, did an effective job collecting it. Raising a lot of money will ensure that Dukakis gets to Atlanta, but that is only halfway to the White House. Since the general election is publicly funded, the key to winning in November is not how skillfully you raise it, but how you spend it. □

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Israel's twenty-year impasse.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

BY MARTIN PERETZ

ISRAEL'S OCCUPATION of the West Bank and Gaza has long been untenable. Worse, it has been dehumanizing—mostly to the Palestinians, but also to the Jews. Although some still cling to all the occupied territories, even the populated Arab heartland, I am convinced that most Israelis (and their supporters in the West) want out of the occupation. That includes many who did not always feel this way. After the Six-Day War in 1967, Prime Minister Levi Eshkol was sure that claimants would quickly appear to take the territories off his hands—in exchange for peace, of course. But none did appear, and two decades later the territories are still in the hands of his successors. Two of them, Menachem Begin and the incumbent Yitzhak Shamir, prefer it that way.

Today there are plenty of possible claimants for the territories: the Kingdom of Jordan (which claimed them before 1967), the PLO, the resident Arabs themselves. This very plentitude justifies the anxiety in Israel, even among those who are eager to give up the occupation, as to whether any one force among the Arabs, or even some highly implausible combination of forces, could really guarantee the provisions of a land-for-peace-and-security deal once Israel withdrew. And that, of course, assumes that anyone with real power in the Arab world would actually wish to see such a deal kept—a big if.

But the problem of enforcing a deal comes after the problem of getting a deal on the table, which itself comes after the problem of getting people to the table in the first place.

The current reigning notion is an international conference, as proposed by Secretary of State George Shultz. It would include all the Arab nations plus the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council. We at TNR support the idea, not because an international conference including distant non-belligerents is an ideal forum, but because it is the only sort of forum any relevant Arabs will even talk about contemplating. And "talk about contemplating" is exactly all they have condescended to do.

The Labor Party half of the Israeli government coalition has no problem about such a parley. The idea is a co-creation of the head of the party, Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, in deference to the stated needs of his friend, the King of Jordan, and to King Hussein's appraisal—perhaps overly optimistic or perhaps insincere—of what might just bring some of the Palestinians along. In the end the Likud half of the Israeli government, led by Shamir, would also consent to come. But it would come kicking and screaming, using objections to the format as a cover for its reluctance to compromise.

However, even in the Likud there is growing support for a procedural breakthrough, among the younger elements and, a new phenomenon, among Jews from Arab countries. Even Shamir—ideologically mesmerized though he is by lands he has no hope of being able to fill, and terrified though he is by Ariel Sharon, the thug to his right—cannot afford to be seen as rejecting what is now an American enterprise. In an election year (Israelis go to the polls the same month we do) this would give Labor the popular advantage of being perceived as the designated ally of the United States. Shamir might also calculate that, if talks were in the offing, he could campaign on the argument that Labor can't be trusted not to give away the store.

The Shultz initiative presumes movement to actual diplomacy long before next fall. In fact, his timetable is completely unrealistic. Nevertheless, all the Israelis, from left to right, do have the time pressure of knowing that the present secretary of state is an unusually good friend. Who will come next is a mystery—except that if he is chosen by George Bush, he is not likely to be friendly at all. Of course, for the Arabs, this same calculation argues for delay. It may explain, for example, why Hussein and President Mubarak now seem to be equivocating over a proposal so perfectly tailored to their requirements.

And then there is always the suspicion that Jordan and the other Arab nations don't actually take the idea of an international conference seriously. How promising, after all, is a conference with so many participants, including two distant nations (Russia and China) that don't even recognize Israel, plus the entire warring camp of Arab states—each with its own preconditions for attending?

Genuinely intended or not, an international conference is for now the deus ex machina by which enlightened world opinion expects a breakthrough. How strange it is to hear pundits and plenipotentiaries informing us authoritatively that Hussein and the local Palestinians actually require the certifying involvement of the People's Republic of China before they will consent to sit with Israel.

The fetish for wide international auspices puts Israelis off, even those who have yielded to the idea, because it is seen as just another way for the Arabs to avoid direct talks with Israel. It may be that direct talks are a fetish of the Jews. But they are a key to ending Israel's fear of remaining a permanent pariah in the region. Egypt's experience should demonstrate how a direct approach encourages Is-

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rael to make concessions otherwise thought inconceivable. However, it seems that any serious negotiations will have to be preceded by some big international jamboree, with all the trappings and traps such festivals entail.

One possible trap is that the various Arab nations sitting around the table might fall out among themselves—not unlikely, given the rivalries of the Muslim states and of their heads-of-state. The consequence: no next step at all. A more frightening trap is that the Russians and the Arab states won't allow the international framework to give way to the essential next step: direct talks. In this case, Israel would have put itself into a den of lions eager to mutilate if they cannot kill. In such a forum, who can assure that the U.S. will be able and willing to withstand the political pressures to push Israel back to unstable borders with unenforceable security guarantees?

THERE IS STILL the question of who would speak for the Palestinians. On this even Shamir has come a long way. He has grudgingly agreed to elections in the West Bank (or, as he says, Judea and Samaria) and Gaza to select the Palestinian delegates. He probably regrets this concession already, but it is not something the Likud could easily repudiate. Labor welcomes the idea.

For both flanks of the Israeli body politic, such elections are a way, right or wrong (and I believe right), to avoid talking to Yasir Arafat. Neither party in Israel can harbor any illusion that those elected would be less militant than the redoubtable chairman, or even that they would identify themselves as anything other than PLO loyalists. This is de rigeur. Still, it is just, just possible that, having palpable local interests to represent, such delegates could exhibit a bit of negotiating realism, even after the delirium of the last few weeks. Ibrahim Dakak, chairman of the Arab Thought Forum in East Jerusalem, said, "We who have lived under occupation for 20 years would be more practical than those on the outside." Whatever legitimacy these delegates would have, given the overwrought circumstances of their election, it would be more legitimate than any other Arab leadership can claim in speaking for the Arabs living under Israeli occupation, and also more legitimate than the governments of the Arab states, all of which rule by force. And maybe this time, having allowed elections, the Israelis will neither unseat nor deport those elected. Then they will not be able to say that there are no local leaders with whom to talk.

Youssef M. Ibrahim reports in the *New York Times* that the rising in the territories has made the exiled PLO a marginal factor. That may be, but my own conversations in an early February visit to the territories confirmed the resilience of the organization as a totem in people's minds. Nevertheless, hardly any Palestinian I spoke to counts on the PLO any longer for real gains. The PLO is not one organization at all, but something so fractured that it couldn't even get its act together to proclaim a government-in-exile, ordinarily quite a perfunctory matter. The Arab states, moreover, demonstrated their contempt for the PLO last month when none of them would even provide a ship for Arafat's attempted staging of Exodus II. Actually, the main value of the PLO in the eyes of the Arab governments seems to be its ability to impede any momentum toward a settlement.

The non-desirability of a settlement is probably the only matter on which the PLO's fractious wings can agree. It retains decisive power simply as a spoiler, and that is how it behaves. According to Agence France-Presse, the PLO "foreign minister," Farouk Kaddoumi, made clear early in February that no Middle East peace initiative "could begin until the Israeli occupation ended." How's that for realism? A week later, Ahmed Abderrahman, a PLO spokesman, declared, "We reject this [American] plan and our people will continue their uprising until they achieve self-determination and an independent Palestinian state." Do the Palestinians really believe that they will achieve anything substantial without negotiations? Are they still relying on "armed struggle?"

A desire for talks plays no apparent role in the current Palestinian uprising. I saw and heard of no leaflet or speech calling for them, even among other demands. At a Jerusalem press conference in January, putative moderates such as journalist Hanna Siniora listed the demands of the uprising. Negotiation was not among them; the omission, apparently, was an explicit precondition of unity.

The mood among the organizers of the demonstrations is not merely indifferent about talks. It's openly hostile to them. According to the clandestine committee coordinating the protests, quoted in the *New York Times*: "Plots are being weaved by the American imperialists and their supporters in this area to cancel the success of the uprising by throwing us capitulationist ideas. . . . We insist on rejection." (*Times* correspondent John Kifner apparently knows the composition of this secret committee, and understandably he is keeping it secret. Would that American journalists had such compunctions about blowing the cover of secret U.S. operations!) From PLO headquarters in Tunis has come an announcement that no Palestinians would be "allowed" to meet with Shultz on his Mideast tour. And some moderate requests for permission were decisively refused. This from a people that says it seeks recognition. Who do they think will help them? Qaddafi? Meanwhile, in the territories, several prominent Palestinians have confided to reporters that they've received death threats intended to dissuade them from seeing Shultz. Maybe some will meet with him anyway. Most, sensibly enough under the circumstances, will stay away.

IF THERE ARE no talks, the status quo will continue. If, as could well happen, relative calm returns to the occupied territories, some Israelis will mistake that calm for a successful suppression of the Palestinian grievance. But the grievance will not be suppressed for long. And when it bursts out again, the most brazen brutalities of occupation will return to the front pages and to the top of the 7 o'clock news. It is an increasingly ugly spectacle, this holding down of a people. It is ugly even if that people won't cooperate in its own liberation.

In these circumstances, many counsel unilateral action by

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the Israelis, without waiting for talks. This is dangerous counsel. Except perhaps in some very small ways, the Israelis won't make concessions without partners and without guarantors. I don't blame them. In this small land, squeezed between the Mediterranean and the Jordan river, Israelis and Palestinians must live together, and they must live together according to rules that protect them from each other. The rules must be clear, and it must be clear that violating them is a legitimate casus belli. All that requires talks.

Without talks, then, the Israelis are stuck with their ugly behavior. That is a triumph of sorts for the Palestinians, and they are savoring it.

I am convinced that, in some perverse way, many gentiles outside of Israel, and some Jews too, actually relish this Israeli behavior. What seems like their outrage at Israel is really an expression of relief that Jews in power act just as badly as other people in power. But not even that banal insight is sufficient to lift the impossible burden of the Holocaust, the burden of millions of innocent Jews, from the Western conscience. Therefore, the Jews must be seen not simply as acting like just any ordinary people in power but as rivaling the worst moral predators of our time, including the Nazis.

Crude analogy has been the staple of hostile political commentary about recent events in Israel. The milder comparisons have been to the British in India, to the American South during the struggle for civil rights, to the United States in Vietnam. Even these relatively mild analogies are false.

Take the British occupation of India. At Amritsar, British soldiers fired on a crowd that had done nothing but gather, and 400 people were killed. Over the years, members of a disciplined pacifist resistance movement were relentlessly beaten and jailed. The other night I watched the Birmingham episode of *Eyes on the Prize*, Henry Hampton's remarkable TV series on the black freedom movement in the United States. The police beat—and bombed—people who were peacefully challenging the white South's public norms. It was that rare phenomenon, true civil disobedience. In Vietnam our forces fought other forces, but they also often maimed and killed, often systematically over a full decade, innocent civilians.

Here, in contrast, is an account from the *Los Angeles Times*, February 13, of a typical episode in the current Palestinian uprising:

> The day's chief disturbance occurred when Friday prayers ended at the blue-domed Nablus Grand Mosque. Several hundred protestors, mostly youths wearing red-checked kaffiyehs over their faces, ran through the narrow streets of the city's old market area, the casbah, shouting and waving the banned Palestinian flag. At first, nearby soldiers did nothing, but a patrol of about 20 soldiers at the edge of the casbah was suddenly attacked with flaming gasoline-filled bottles, large rocks, flower pots, and steel ball bearings and glass marbles hurled from slingshots. The missiles sent the soldiers running for cover. When the hail of objects increased, several shots were fired in the air. By this time, more troops had gathered but were outnumbered by what appeared to be at least 150 protestors, most of them hurling rocks and bottles.

After the Israelis opened fire again, there were two Palestinians dead. What happened in Nablus was not an unprovoked attack by Israeli soldiers. It was, in fact, exactly what those demonstrators who weren't mere children—and also, of course, the *Times*'s aforementioned secret coordinating committee—wanted to provoke.

The most persistent analogy drawn these days is between Israel and South Africa. There is indeed the similarity that in both places the groups in conflict will always be cheek-by-jowl. After that the similarity ends. In South Africa a small minority of whites impose their rule on—and extract labor from—an overwhelming majority of blacks, meanwhile insisting on continued white control of virtually all of a huge landmass in which blacks have no rights as citizens. What aggressions have the blacks committed against whites to explain at all the theory and practice of apartheid? None.

By contrast the long conflict in the Middle East is a consequence of the refusal of the Arab states and of the Palestinian Arabs to accept the presence in the region of a small Jewish sovereignty, even one in less than 15 or 20 percent of historic Palestine. Compare any of the partition plans offered by the Jews and rejected by the Arabs over the decades to the farce of the black "homelands" in South Africa! If there are now Palestinians who, because the Arabs still prefer war to partition, live under occupation and without a country to call their own, is it the Jews who are to blame? Are not the Palestinians responsible for their own leaders who still won't come forward to negotiate?

OF COURSE, Israel shares in the responsibility: those Israelis who reject the land-for-peace formula also reject peace. And those Israelis who have not energetically pursued every possible avenue for talks, even in the face of persistent Palestinian rejection, only guarantee that their country will remain in the morally compromised position of occupier. How much less debilitating Israel's position as occupier would be if only it were crystal clear that its government wished the occupation to be temporary—that it would be willing to transfer most of the territories to any Arab authority genuinely dedicated to co-existence with the Jews. The fissured government of national unity makes such a clear position impossible now. But such clarity is in the very logic of Zionism. What comparable compromise is so intrinsic to Afrikanerdom and also still so plausible?

So why the abusive analogy of Israel to South Africa? To stigmatize, of course. Some do it out of simplemindedness; others out of malice. Instead of straightforwardly making it his own analogy, *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis recently put it into the authoritative mouth of Fouad Ajami, the distinguished historian and political scientist, perhaps as decoy. Ajami has written to the *Times* denying he ever expressed any such analogy. He does not traffic in comparative tragedies, believing that the conflict between Jew and Arab is defined by its own distinctive rancors and does not need other people's hatreds as interpretative guides.

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The British Foreign Office also has been huffing and puffing in the analogic mode about the depradations of the occupation. Whitehall's self-righteousness is not tempered by the accumulating evidence that British police in Northern Ireland have succumbed to shoot-to-kill practices much more thorough and deliberate than the shootings in the West Bank. And unlike Israel, where light is now being shed on the brutal liberties taken by the security services, Britain still practices official cover-up on such matters. Early in February, for example, the attorney general refused to release a report on a police shooting of seven unarmed men in Northern Ireland.

And then there are the Nazis. The Norwegian ambassador to Israel, emissary of a country that gave the world the word "quisling," remembers the Nazi occupation as morally superior to the Israeli occupation. "We do not remember," he said, "them going out into the streets to break people's arms and legs or pulling children out of their homes at night." The ambassador's memory, of course, is faulty.

In Europe especially the comparison to the Nazis is the subtext of criticism. It is a potent lifter of guilt. But it has surfaced in America as well. The most stunningly stupid example (no surprise) was on the editorial page of the *Boston Globe* on February 18. The horrors in the territories evoked for the editors "the czarist pogroms, the centuries of homelessness and persecution, the mass graves at Babi Yar, the piled bodies found at Nazi death camps in 1945."

Even Professor Edward Said, the leading American spokesman for the Palestinian cause, who has reason to find the Nazi analogy all-too-tempting (he complains in his latest book, "We have had no Holocaust to protect us with the world's compassion."), firmly rejected it on television last week. So what can one say to the editors of the *Globe*? Don't they know that there were 100,000 bodies at Babi Yar? And that there were some two million Jews murdered at one camp alone? And 15,000 Gypsies murdered at Mauthausen alone between January and May 1945? And Jehovah's Witnesses and homosexuals and Catholics and Communists? What similarity is there between this and what is going on in the occupied territories? And what kind of venomous mind would see a relationship?

STILL, I am shamed by the beatings administered by Israeli soldiers, though they were directed at people attempting to do them harm. I am shamed particularly by the hurt done to innocents and not always by accident. I am shamed also by the whole occupation or, more precisely, by the psychological inability of the Israeli body politic to free itself unambiguously from the false security that comes from ruling over another people. But this week, in a move inconceivable elsewhere in the Middle East, Israel's attorney general, ordinarily a very timid man, delivered a stinging rebuke to Rabin's policy of force and declared it illegal.

So I am also stirred by the deep and far-reaching debate these ugly events have inspired in the country, especially among its soldiers. They have struggled with the tension between the codes they are taught and the double-messaged orders they have been given. And they have to mediate between their values and their orders in the violent streets—not only in the West Bank and Gaza, but also in Jerusalem, where, after all, their justified presence is less open to question.

At the same time, I also know something about the complicated character of the culture with which Israel contends. As a father especially I note that other fathers (and mothers) send their children, 12 and 13 years old, out to fight battles they won't fight themselves and then weep when they are hurt. How is this ragtag army, voluntary and manipulated at once, different from the Ayatollah's legions of the young which so shocked our sensibilities not so long ago? Geraldine Brooks records in the *Wall Street Journal* how a Palestinian mother, cradling her baby, shouts, "No peace. The people of this camp want war."

I DO NOT underestimate the misery of the refugee camps. However, 40 years after most were established, they are kept in existence not by Israel, which wanted their inhabitants resettled (and tried to do some resettling) but by the PLO and the Arab states. They are intended to serve precisely as the recruiting ground for a reserve army of despair. I have seen these camps, in Lebanon and in the territories.

A few weeks ago in the Daheisha camp outside Bethlehem I talked to some young Palestinian fighters, the same age as Israeli soldiers. They were eager to speak to anyone identifying himself as a journalist. And they were euphoric. They seemed to think the rout of the Jews was at hand. One of them, as if having actually read Thomas J. Friedman's near-apocalyptic dispatches in the *Times*, resorted to the familiar American image of the disputed pie. He did not wish to discuss some slice of the pie. He wanted the whole thing.

Such euphoria is dangerous, especially to these young Palestinians themselves and to their expectations of what is possible. Many of them have or improvise memories, one or two generations removed, of big houses in Jaffa and orchards in Lydda. Judging from their nostalgic resentments, you would imagine that pre-1948 Palestine was as big and lush as California. These memories, or imagined memories, feed the grievance and enlarge the dominion of demand. This is, alas, not a pragmatic people. They do not seem interested in what can or cannot be accomplished, what is possible and what is not. To all of this add the generic afflictions of Arab politics, the principled resistance to compromise, the intoxicating effects of language, the endless patience for vengeance. These traits would not, even under the best of circumstances, make good neighbors for Israel.

For its own good, nevertheless, Israel needs to make substantial concessions. Surely, for starters, Gaza with its 600,000 immiserized Arabs, cannot be thought an asset of Israel. But let's be clear about who will really run the political institutions designed to satisfy the aspirations of

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the Palestinians. The Israeli optimists say it will be King Hussein of Jordan, because he holds the residual power in the West Bank. But if the king fails to rise to the occasion once again, as he has for decades, who will be the alternative? Certainly not the well-spoken journalists and intellectuals such as Hanna Siniora who are trotted out for the talk shows to tell Americans what the Palestinian leadership won't tell their own people at home about accepting Israel's right to exist in peace.

And let's be clear what the governance of a Palestinian state would be like. In short, do not count on a second election. The representative paradigm is not the model of Palestinian politics or of Arab politics anywhere, for that matter. Nonetheless, even so savvy a reporter as the *Times*'s Francis X. Clines often writes that the Palestinians are protesting to secure the civil rights they do not have under occupation. Does he really think that a Palestinian successor regime would ensure habeas corpus, freedom of the press, freedom of speech and assembly, trial by jury, equal opportunity? There is a wink to their own in the eye of Arab spokesmen when they speak of such liberties. All you have to do is watch a little Jordanian television to see how little the public is even allowed to know about the making of public policy. Constitutionalism is not a value in this part of the world. There isn't a country in the Arab orbit, in fact, where the exceptional behavior of the Israeli military these last months is not the minimum norm of bad conduct always. Just wait until fragments of the Palestinian diaspora begin to reassemble in the West Bank to compete for the crumbs and scramble for the prerogatives. The Palestinian unity of the streets will disintegrate with a frightening velocity.

ONE MORE matter: intra-Arab blood debts, some arcane in origin, some more obvious, have been accumulating in the territories. In the dreamed-of Palestinian entity these accounts will be settled first in a vast fratricide. "Collaborators" will be dealt with quickly. And then, if the king loses, his men will be next. After that there are the various PLO factions to fight it out, each of them against the other, and all of them against the Muslim fundamentalists. There is no serious argument against these predictions of what a Palestinian state would be like.

You can't help but wonder, then, what the various panjandrums issuing counsel to the Israelis actually care about. Has Woody Allen really been motivated out of his narcissism by the ordeal of the Palestinians? Not likely. Or perhaps by concern for the stranded soul of the Israelis? He tells us that as a child he robbed from Jewish National Fund boxes. And then there is that line in one of his movies about writing a story about a "castrating Zionist" mother. But those are hardly political statements. Not counting the movie colorization controversy, his now-notorious *Times* op-ed piece is a political first for Woody.

The crisis has also attracted the attention of the usual suspects, those morally haughty but frivolous men and women with solidarity to spare: Norman Mailer, E.L. Doctorow, Susan Sontag, Gloria Steinem, Arthur Miller. They address their Israeli friends in anguish, though they have not been known to anguish for Israel even in its most dire perils. Mailer has even made it a point of pride in public to say that he never visited.

Doubtless, most Israelis will be as indifferent as Mr. Mailer to the life conditions of the Palestinians after autonomy or independence. But peace is not simply proclaimed, and in the Arab world the past is hardly ever reconciled. Even after the most forthcoming of compromise settlements there would still be irredentist movements, based in Jenin and Hebron in autonomous or independent Palestine but focused on Haifa and Safad in Israel. The grievance of the refugees of 1948 and their descendants is not sated with the West Bank and Gaza. If there are open borders and economic integration, who will police this second stage of the Palestinian dream—succored as in other Arab cities by snipers and car bombs—and how? What measures in such circumstances will you, dear reader, consider reasonable, and what too harsh?

And what happens if the security guarantees and the essential pledges of demilitarization in the air and on the ground are violated? Some say that Israel would then be justified in reoccupying what they had relinquished. But will those people say that if it happens? In any case, the repeated shedding of blood to secure a broken undertaking is not a happy prospect. (The Israelis had to occupy Sinai three times to gain passage through the Suez Canal, and to free themselves from terrorist infiltrators.)

Then what happens if the Arabs of Israel announce that they are Palestinians and that they want reunion with Palestine? And let us imagine that they demonstrate and throw Molotov cocktails just as their cousins have done. Will the withdrawal now entertained for the West Bank be a precedent for the Galilee? On what basis could Israel and its friends then insist on holding firm? And remember that the present disarray in the Arab world will not last forever. After a respite from the war with Iran, a militarily seasoned Iraq might cast its eyes westward. A heavily armed Syria, perhaps in order to stake its deferred claim over Palestine, could enter the fray at any moment on any provocation.

ALL OF THESE anxieties are real. It is wrong to dismiss them. Cavalier friends, moreover, quickly exhaust their good offices. So it is important to understand the risks we are asking the Israelis to take. They are grave risks. The Israelis should not be asked even to go to a conference of any sort without knowing in advance just how far we will push them. They must have a secure understanding that America would not barter away the margins of security the Jewish state will always need.

It is clear, though, that the occupation itself no longer provides any margin of safety. It has become a drain on Israel's sense of self, its most valuable asset. During the week I spent in Jerusalem posters went up in the ultra-orthodox Jewish quarter blaming the disturbances on the sacrilege of theaters showing movies on the sabbath. This

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was good for a public joke, but the public understands that blaming the PLO for the current troubles is just as implausible as blaming the movies. There is, in fact, great clarity about the origins of the troubles. Maj. Gen. Ehud Barak, Israel's dovish deputy chief of staff (see "The Great Khaki Hope," TNR, January 4 & 11), spoke for nearly everyone when he explained: "We confront a widespread violent uprising by a nucleus of activists, which enjoys the support and cooperation of the masses. This is due to decades-long frustration on a personal, political, and economic level . . . being under the control of our security forces." He might have added that every Friday, the Muslim sabbath, the *ulama* provide in the mosques religious sanction for the violence. There is no quick way to end the violence. But the policy of occupation and settlement is in ruins.

Thus, the direction Israel must move in is clear. That won't by itself, however, make escaping the occupation easy. Remember that the Palestinians have a record of forfeiting opportunities, and they are likely to blow it again.

Israel's moment of truth.

SUMMONED BY STONES

BY LEON WIESELTIER

> This day is a day of trouble, and of rebuke, and of blasphemy: for the children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth. (Isaiah, 37: 3)

The turmoil in the West Bank and Gaza represents not the interruption of an order, but the culmination of an order. These months of disturbances are the natural issue of an unnatural occupation. Far away from the events, people reacted with surprise, or shock; but there is nothing surprising or shocking about the refusal of a new generation of Palestinians to inherit pain and powerlessness. This is a generation without irony about history, without the complicating memories of 1947, when the Jews agreed to the creation of Palestine but the Arabs did not agree to the creation of Israel, or of 1967, when the Arab assault that was designed to leave the Israelis in the sea left them in the West Bank and Gaza. For the Israelis, in 1967, it was conquer or die. But two decades later a generation of Palestinians is proceeding from a wholly colonial consciousness.

The New Arab Revolt (as it has been respectfully characterized by an Israeli magazine, referring to the Arab Revolt of 1936) is the acceleration of an audacity that has been gaining force for years. Between April 1986 and May 1987, there were 3,150 incidents of violence in the West Bank and Gaza; 22 Palestinians were killed, and two Israelis; almost 3,000 Palestinians were detained for disturbances (defined by the military administration to include riots, demonstrations, gatherings, and roadblocks) and 1,500 on suspicion of terrorism. The statistics for 1985-1986 are worse. What the statistics illustrate is a new existential pressure upon politics, a Palestinian readiness to suffer and to die. This is not militant martyrdom—though the image of Khomeini has been brandished in the streets of Gaza—but romantic nationalism. The Israeli occupation has not escaped the common law of occupation. It now rules a population that will not be deterred for long by force. The events of the past months have a premonitory force, for those with eyes to see: this is the future, this is the certain fate of these communities, if politics fails.

The protests in December were the result of a rumor that a traffic accident in Gaza in which four Palestinians were killed by an Israeli truck was a premeditated act of revenge for the stabbing of an Israeli in Gaza. In other words, they were the result of ordinary life in an occupation, in which every event has a political meaning, and fevers always flourish. The trouble spread quickly, and the Israeli army was unprepared. It lacked troops trained for "crowd control." This was especially surprising, since many Israelis seem to consider such Palestinian action to be no more than a matter of "crowd control," and not a political expression with profound significance for Israel. Perhaps the Israelis believed that their occupation would never require a riot police, since their occupation is an enlightened occupation. And so it is, by the standards of such things. Except that occupation is not a form of enlightenment.

Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin responded to the breakdown of "public order" in stages, each of them brutish and ill-judged, beginning (beginning!) with lethal force. The toll of the Palestinian dead and the Palestinian wounded mounted quickly, but the Palestinians were not dissuaded. The seed of the shepherds had rediscovered the slingshot, and by the end of the second week there were 10,000 Israeli troops in the territories. When Rabin worried about the damage to Israel's "image" (the moral authority of public relations, again: Israel, too, is becoming a media-manipulated society), he turned to "collective punish-

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ment" and "environmental pressure." Refugee districts were isolated with curfews, through which even food had some difficulty in passing. At one point a quarter of a million Gazans were sealed off (which led to the improvisation of underground networks that created a new political organization there, and later in the West Bank). The Israeli chief of staff observed about these measures that "we are aware that those who are not taking part in the riots are also affected by them." He was interested, however, in "what would remain in the collective memory of the inhabitants of the territories," interested in leaving them with "terrifying memories."

There were massive arrests, too, and some deportations under emergency measures taken over from the British Mandate. (The Jewish community of Palestine united in protest when some of its own leaders were deported to Eritrea under the same laws; and the deporters soon learned of the futility of their action.) Still the Palestinians were not dissuaded. So Rabin proclaimed that "the first priority is to use force, might, beatings." Israeli soldiers went house to house, and beat hundreds of Palestinian men, women, and children with fists, clubs, and rifle butts. For a week or so, brutality was the official objective. Its indiscriminate character was precisely its intention. It amounted to a policy of torture in public.

MEANWHILE the leader of the American Jewish community was either being lied to, or lying. Even as Rabin was boasting that Israel would not act with restraint, Morris B. Abram, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations, rushed to the State Department to assure American officials that Israel was acting with "restraint." Even as Rabin was ordering the use of lethal force, Abram announced that "Israeli troops are under orders to use rubber bullets, tear gas, and water hoses, and to use live ammunition only as a last resort." Even as Rabin was declaring that the PLO was not responsible for the uprising, that it was "on the tail of events, not in the lead of them," Abram said that "PLO terrorists and Islamic fundamentalists are inciting to riot [and] fomenting violence." The State Department has no need of American Jewish leaders, presumably, to inform it of the facts. What Abram was doing, rather, was throwing sand in the eyes of the American Jewish community, morally pampering it, trying to free it of the feeling that there is a crisis. (The Orwellianism of the season came a little later, in the historian Jacob Neusner's statement that "the vast silence that has settled over most American Jews should be understood as an eloquent statement of responsible concern.")

There was some Jewish protest over Israeli actions in the territories. But immediately something strange, a liberal form of moral pampering, began to appear. There was an outbreak of the old, condescending, mainly literary worry about Israel's "soul." The *New York Review of Books*, for example, ran the words "Agony in Israel" on its cover. Well, not exactly. For a start, the occupied territories are not Israel. More to the point, Israeli polls showed significant support for Rabin's "iron fist" (69 percent, two weeks into the violence; 60 percent, five weeks into it). The agony, in sum, was the Palestinians', not the Israelis'. They, the Palestinians, were the ones being beaten. But suddenly there was a rash of sympathy for the beaters. The press reported that the Israeli army was dispatching psychologists to units in Gaza to correct for the effects of the crackdown upon the mental health of the soldiers. Some found this affecting. Really, it was a planned preemption of moral life. An experience of moral dissonance, after all, is the proper consequence of such acts of brutality. It is itself a sign of mental health. And it is the psychological basis for a more decent politics.

And for a more candid politics. The "awakening," as the Palestinians have come to call the uprising, presents an occasion for truth. For too long, too many Israelis, and too many American Jews, have denied, or intellectually and emotionally deflected, the brute fact that the Palestinians are a danger to the Jewish state. Not to its legitimacy, which is what most Jews seem to fear, but to its survival as a liberal state and a haven for Jews. They are not a military problem. They are a more difficult problem. Thirty years from now there will be approximately two million Palestinians in the occupied territories. The proportion of Jews in the total population west of the Jordan River will decrease from 63 percent in 1984 to 61 percent in 1990 to 56 percent in 2000. The West Bank Data Base Project's 1987 report on the occupied territories, corroborating an estimate by Israel's Central Bureau of Statistics, concludes that "by the year 2010 Jewish and Arab populations will attain parity." In more or less a single generation, Israel will be forced to choose its Jewishness over its democracy or its democracy over its Jewishness. In either case, it will have been undone.

THE PALESTINIANS can simply wait, and be fruitful and multiply. They will be fruitful and multiply. But they will not wait. They are roused, and it is almost an axiom of modern politics that a roused nationalism can be repressed but it cannot be rolled back. Even more urgent than the demographic danger, then, is the danger of ceaseless ethnic strife. The storm in the West Bank and Gaza broke where there was no calm. It may be precisely the violence that is normal there, or close to normal. (To "bring life back to normal," was how Abram described the aim of Israeli policy. To bring life back to abnormal, would be more like it.) In January the Israeli press reported that the cabinet had concluded that "the disturbances are not a passing phenomenon." Israel may be facing a new war of attrition. This one will be harder to fight, harder to explain.

Threats to security do not come all from outside. There are some that come from inside, too. The Palestinians may overwhelm Israel not by force, but by their physical and political swell. The integration of more than a million Palestinians into Israel, *de jure* by means of annexation, *de facto* by means of a lasting occupation, constitutes a threat of a new kind. Israel will have taken its enemy into itself. There

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will be no borders behind which anxiety may disappear. There will be no clarity and nothing still, only the politics of nerves, only the poison in the eyes of the other. Unlike the threat from outside, the threat from inside corrupts life; but like the threat from outside, the threat from inside disrupts life, too.

For too long the debate about the territories within the Jewish community, in Israel and in the United States, has been read as an argument between "doves" who worry about Israel's goodness and "hawks" who worry about Israel's safety. It is true that many "hawks" do not seem especially exercised about the ethical integrity of the state, that they are glad to satisfy the biddings of power. But finally the debate is between two conceptions of Israel's security. And "hawks" are no more "tough" than "doves." It is not "toughness" to think with your spine. Of all the analogies that have been heaped upon the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, one is apposite: Belfast. In Belfast sovereignty is intact, but it is a communally organized hell.

WITH ANY LUCK, the Palestinian "awakening" will put an end to the long Jewish denial of the threat, and provoke an Israeli awakening. At last the Palestinians may be seeping into Israeli consciousness. There was evidence of a respect for eventuality not only in Foreign Minister Shimon Peres's single-minded search for an international peace conference, and in the defeat of the right in the World Zionist Congress a few months ago, but also, and startlingly, in the informal diplomacy between members of the "successor generation" of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's Likud, the chauvinist, conservative party in Israel's governing coalition, and the "successor generation" of the Palestinians. These "yuppies" of the Likud were prompted by a new notion (new, for the Likud) of Israel's interests. They are practical men, who concluded that it is a practical requirement of Israel's well-being that it settle with the Palestinians. (One of them sent a letter to Shamir calling for "dialogue and accommodation" and was expelled from the party.)

But the Likud repudiated its moderates, and the Palestinians repudiated theirs. (One Palestinian participant was not only repudiated, he was also beaten up.) It turns out that the new Israeli awareness of the Palestinians, the growing grasp of the fact that, as an Israeli columnist wrote, "the demographic problem is not merely a way to frighten children," may have ambiguous consequences. On the one hand, it may restore the prestige of pragmatism, the old Zionist knack for realism. It may persuade more Israelis that they must negotiate not on survival, but for survival; that the true risk is not territorial compromise, but the absence of territorial compromise. On the other hand, most people do not meet danger liberally. When they open their eyes, they may be petrified by what they see. Petrified, in both senses: filled with fear, and turned to stone.

They may panic; and the panic may take ugly forms. A few years ago a troubling number of Israelis were kindling to Meir Kahane's racist schemes for the expulsion of the Palestinians. Now the problem is Kahanism with a human face. A few months ago Yosef Shapira, the minister of health, proposed that the Palestinians be "encouraged," and bribed, to "emigrate." Then Michael Dekel, the deputy minister of defense, spoke of the forced "transfer of population" from the West Bank to the East Bank—in plain language, expulsion. Last month a leader of the Jewish settlers in the West Bank and Gaza declared that "Half a year ago 90 percent of the people would have objected to transfer. Today 30 to 40 percent would argue that it's not a dirty word or an inhuman policy. On the contrary, they would argue it's a way to avoid friction." And this month, in a symposium in *Commentary*, the editor of *Midstream*, once the most distinguished organ of American Zionism, observes that "It may be necessary, in the near future, to consider practical solutions of the problem and to contemplate an extension of the population transfers that in any case underlie Israeli society, with some 800,000-900,000 Jews having been propelled into Israel by the various expulsions from Arab countries after 1948."

IT IS ALMOST impossible to imagine an Israeli government acting upon such recommendations. Israeli society, Jewish society, will not tolerate such a degree of depravity. But the persistence of these ideas in public discourse is disgraceful (Jews who suggest such solutions should forever be silent about their own history; they may have that future or that past, they may not have both). And it adds to the power, and to the reputability, of other policies that are based on repression or racism. The tribune of this tawdriness, in the end, is Ariel Sharon, the underside of the Jewish experiment with power, who waits in the wings. While Palestinians were lighting tires in the streets of the West Bank and Gaza, Sharon was lighting Hanukah candles in his new apartment in the Arab quarter of the old city of Jerusalem. (The many-starred general spent the night, though, in a many-starred hotel, which is not the Maccabee way.) Polls show a rise in support for Tehiya, the party of Jewish Junkers to Likud's right, and for Kach, Kahane's little fascist party.

A Jewish awakening may be thwarted, too, by the pettiness of Israeli politics. Shamir was alarmed that Sharon is out-flanking him from the right. Peres was alarmed that Rabin is out-flanking him from the right. Rabin was remarking upon the fact that he is the most popular political figure in his country. And Sharon was trying to take over the Likud's organization in Jerusalem. The reasonings of the Israeli leadership since the Palestinian uprising have been more electoral, in sum, than moral or historical. But the problem is deeper. Israel is stalled by a rare disorder of representative democracy: immobility in government produced by incongruence in politics. Political philosophers have worried about the tyranny of the majority over the minority and about the tyranny of the minority over the majority. In Israel, neither tyranny threatens, alas, because the electorate is genuinely, ominously at odds with itself. There is a government of "national unity" precisely because there is no national unity. A free population is about evenly divided on a matter of its own life and death.

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II.

A short, critical dictionary of received Jewish ideas about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Israel did not ask for the territories.

This is true. It is also beside the point. Israel has the territories.

In the Jewish community, it is often said that the conflict must be placed in its "context" if it is to be properly understood. The appeal to the past is a part of that "context." The reference to history is a requirement of intellectual honesty. It is also easy to see why the Jews are reluctant to tear themselves away from 1967, from the exhilaration that it engendered. There is the claim of collective pride: Israel was right, and strong, and won. But the Six Day War was two decades ago. There is a cold peace with Egypt and a warm non-belligerence with Jordan. Syria is mired in the Iran-Iraq war, like Iran and Iraq. The PLO is no longer a military force. The Soviet Union is interested in a relationship with Israel. Of course, some of these gains may not be made in marble; and so Israel will never return to the borders of 1967. But the security situation is better than it has ever been—except in the West Bank and Gaza. Old political and strategic concepts cannot provide for a new political and strategic situation.

The experience of 1967 had antithetical meanings for Jews. Because Israel conquered the territories defensively, it conquered them in a manner that left it feeling strong *and* weak. The victory confirmed the community in a sensation of power *and* a sensation of peril. The triumphalism of the Jewish community was always accompanied by bitterness, then, by the suspicion that there is only triumph or extinction. For this reason, the reference to the Six Day War inhibits the political imagination in two ways: it makes the situation seem too dangerous for action, or not dangerous enough. Practically speaking, the appeal to history may amount to an alibi for inaction.

Israel has no alternatives; or, the alternatives are worse.

You cannot hoard power and plead circumstances. The purpose of Israeli power is not only to find military solutions to military problems, but also to underwrite political solutions to political problems; not only to deter, but to assure.

No alternatives to the "iron fist"? To returning bullets for stones? On January 10, *Ha'aretz* reported that a group of Israeli soldiers dispersed a crowd of stone throwers by throwing stones back. The perplexity about a proportional military response to the actions of a civilian population is itself one of the costs of occupation. In fact, Rabin's policy represented a reversal of Israel's traditional policy in the territories, which was to meet security threats in a manner that would not disrupt the rest of the population. Rabin's "iron fist" united all the sectors of Palestinian society in a new determination.

No alternatives to occupation? That is ridiculous. The alternatives include: Camp David, territorial compromise, functional autonomy, the Allon Plan, the Dayan Plan, the Tamir Plan, the Yadin plan, a federation with Jordan, a Palestinian state, and so on. Obviously some of these alternatives are flawed; but all of them express at least a recognition that the clock, too, is a foe.

Worse than what? The fatalists seem to think that the alternatives should be measured against the present, but they should be measured against the future: against Belfast, and the black hole of demography. The only alternative that seems worse than those inevitabilities of history is an expansionist and ideologically inebriated Palestinian state in possession of the power, and the will, to destroy Israel. Does anybody doubt that Israel (and Jordan) will not permit the emergence of such a state? The only Palestinian state that has ever been the subject of serious intellectual and diplomatic speculation is a de-militarized one.

The fatalists usually come with the added attraction of a tragic sense of life. Israel may be doomed to live a rattled life, they say darkly; or, there may be some problems for which the liberal confidence in solutions may be misplaced. These are usually the same people who attack Israel's critics for living far away from the consequences of what they, the critics, propose.

Israel has treated the Palestinians better than the Arabs have treated them.

Again, true; and again, beside the point.

The Palestinians' standard of living in the territories has risen considerably since Israel occupied them. But the rise has strengthened, not weakened, the Palestinians. Infant mortality rates have declined, for example, as a result of the availability of birth clinics (they have grown four-fold in 20 years) and the vaccination of children. Alongside the social standard of living, however, there is the political standard of living. The political standard of living in the West Bank and Gaza has not improved at all. There is desperation and defiance. The Palestinians are agitating not for civil rights, but for national rights; not for an improvement of the occupation, but for an end to the occupation. It is a commonplace of nationalism that, as a Muslim writer in the 1940s wrote, "good government is no substitute for self-government." Jews know this well. They did not leave Berlin or Vienna or Warsaw, they did not battle the British, because the quality of life was wanting.

But haven't the lives of Arabs under Israeli rule been better than the lives of Arabs under Arab rule? Indeed, even as the Israeli government was confronting Palestinian demonstrations in the West Bank and Gaza, the governments of Jordan and Egypt were forbidding, or putting down, Palestinian demonstrations. Again it turns out that a national struggle is more successfully waged against a country with compunctions, against people who can be shamed.

In 1970 Jordan's King Hussein massacred 2,000 Palestinians. In 1982 Syria's Hafez al-Assad massacred 20,000 Syrians. Israel is not guilty of such slaughter. But how much praise, exactly, does it deserve for that? What achievement is it to withstand such comparisons? Some of the Jewish state's supporters seem eager to lower its standards. More to the point, these comparisons have a way of undermining urgency. Thousands died in Black September, but Israel has a problem. Thousands died at Hama, but Israel has a problem. If Israel fails to find a solution to its problem,

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what will it matter that there were almost no humane Arab governments? If Israel fails to find a humane solution to its problem, it will also not matter.

Israel must not deal with terrorists; or, Israel must not deal with the PLO, which is a terrorist organization.

A boy who throws stones is not a terrorist. Neither is a man who attacks a soldier. The Israelis are emptying the word "terrorism" of meaning, by making it stand for everything they fear. This has a particular political effect. You cannot deal with terrorists. If all of your enemies are terrorists, you cannot deal with any of your enemies. The magnification of "terrorism," its conflation with all forms of violence and all forms of hostility, is really an expression of despair about political action.

Since the disturbances began in December, there has not been almost a single act of Palestinian terrorism in the West Bank and Gaza. This is not because the Palestinians lack the weapons. This time, they lack the intention. They have, so far, changed their tactics. They have decided to confront Israel with civilian resistance, which is morally and strategically more vexing. This conforms to the recent patterns of unrest in the territories. According to Meron Benvenisti, "Violence is largely carried out in broad daylight by individuals and groups who spontaneously express their feelings, undeterred by the consequences of their actions. The ratio of terrorist/spontaneous acts was: 1:11 between 1977-84, 1:16 in 1985, 1:18 in 1986."

The change in Palestinian tactics marks a change, too, in the role of the PLO. The Israeli journalist Ehud Yaari reported in December that

> The old PLO leadership in the territories found itself outside the playing field. . . . Even when the PLO's familiar operatives called the young people into the streets, the events failed to become a demonstration of support for the PLO. It is important to note: pictures of Arafat appeared nowhere. Only in a few instances was the flag of Palestine unfurled. And the slogans were generally not drawn from the inexhaustible treasury of Radio PLO in Bagdad. Quite the contrary, only in a few places could you hear the PLO's anthems, or calls for the creation of a Palestinian state in the name of "armed struggle. . . . They were not washing their hands of the PLO, only of its leaders and its methods. Not a renunciation of terrorism, but a preference for more productive means of mobilizing the masses."

In late January Yaari wrote that

> Perhaps the most important feature of the "awakening" in the territories is precisely the limited nature of its objectives, the ability of those whom we call "the inciters" to apply the brakes in time. The spontaneity that characterized the early stage . . . was replaced, somewhat, by discipline and design. But above all, the events retained their character as the expression of a local predicament, rather than the result of far-away political desires . . . Instead of pushing "the generation of the occupation" forward, Arafat wisely allowed them to dictate the pace. . . . The decisions of Arafat and his representatives to refrain from the use of live ammunition, to halt acts of terrorism, and to put the emphasis on "popular struggle" signified the distancing of the PLO from the "rejection front," and in fact demonstrated the weakness of the Palestinian left, including its Communist elite.

The nature of the Palestinian affiliation with the PLO appears to have altered. It has become wider, but more symbolic; deeper, but more emotional; stronger, but more general. At this moment in Palestinian history, it is almost tautological to say that a Palestinian is a supporter of the PLO. But that is a statement about identity, not politics. There are political divisions among the pro-PLO Palestinians. Many Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza who declare their support for the PLO also declare their desire to see the occupation end, and their interest in practical, political steps. Of course there is also support for terrorist methods and maximalist goals; and the terrorists and the maximalists intimidate their own community, too, and kill Palestinians as easily as they kill Israelis, which has made moderation a matter of courage.

Israel must negotiate with Palestinians, if there is to be a political solution to its problem. In the real world, however, this means that Israel must negotiate with Palestinians who say that they support the PLO. Israel will find no other kind of Palestinians. Israel cannot negotiate with the leadership of the PLO, because it has blood on its hands, and because it is a fact of Israeli political life that an overwhelming majority of Israelis, right, center, and left, will not countenance any Israeli government that sits down with Arafat and his satrapy. But it is a fact of Palestinian political life that the local leadership will need the "green light" from the distant leadership. (In January, when Hana Seniora, the editor of *al-Fajr*, a Palestinian newspaper in Jerusalem, presented a list of demands, a temperate list drawn up with other Palestinian moderates, it was with Arafat's approval.)

Negotiations are impossible with the PLO, but they are also impossible without the PLO. A few years ago Rabin proposed a realistic rule: that Israel talk with any Palestinian living in the territories, PLO or not PLO, who will talk with Israel. Rabin's rule was designed not only to persuade the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza that they will have to make their progress themselves, but also to persuade Israelis that they will have to make a bet upon the seriousness of the people who will themselves have to live with the results of negotiations.

The Palestinians are not a nation of terrorists. And Israel, too, has blood on its hands. To say that Israel cannot deal with Palestinians who call themselves "PLO" is to say that there can be no deal. It is to transform an argument against terrorism into an argument against politics. That is, into another excuse.

Israel's difficulties are the media's fault.

Israel's "image" has become a Jewish obsession. There are good reasons for the obsession. Externally, the fortunes of the Jewish state depend heavily on how it appears to those with the power to help it, or to deny it help, the American government and the American people in particular. Internally, the image of the state in the eyes of Jews determines, to a a disturbing degree, their image of themselves in their own eyes. For many Jews, Israel is an icon. It is worshipped, like an icon, for its appearance.

But the proportions of the obsession are alarming. The

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government of Israel, judging by the Israeli press, was at least as exercised by the coverage of the riots as it was by the riots themselves. In a few instances the government tried to bar reporters from the scene. The image of Israel's panic about its "image" was unattractive. The government ordered the beatings and seemed to worry most about how they looked. They were conducted mainly in the sealed-off areas, mainly at night: a way had to be found for the pain to reach the Palestinians and not the rest of the world. No way was found.

What was wrong about the beatings, of course, was not that they became known, but that they happened. But this kind of official cynicism has become a common feature of politics everywhere. It was made possible, in fact, by the media themselves, by the spectacular disconnection of image from reality that has been the media's contribution to contemporary consciousness. It is the media who have taught the politicians that fixing the look is fixing the thing. Moreover, the coverage of Israel in the past has often been sloppy or biased; Israeli officials are right to be vigilant. The (so far) ridiculous analogy with South Africa, for example, has to be challenged. But early in January, vigilance crossed the line into spin control, which does not exactly reflect a sense of moral or historical occasion.

What "context," what "history," is supposed to explain, or to salve, the sight of an Israeli soldier tying a young man to the front of a truck, or the sight of an Israeli soldier striking an old woman outside Omar's mosque, or the sight of an Israeli soldier clubbing a cameraman in Bethlehem? These scenes shock the viewer because they should shock the viewer. The power of the press notwithstanding, there are events that it does not invent.

It may interest those who think that they can defend Israel's actions by attacking the media's treatment of them that most of these pictures were not shown on Israeli television. (The Israeli papers, by contrast, were full of them.) "On Israeli television," an Israeli commentator wrote, "we have seen very little of what has been broadcast throughout the world during the last month. The world was shown war pictures. Israel was shown mainly interviews, commentaries, official pronouncements." Can there be any doubt that the level of popular support for the "iron fist" was partly a result of popular ignorance of how it looked? After all, it *was* how it looked: awful. In its way, television can be an instrument of truth, too. It can make events difficult to dodge. Eventually, as part of its coverage of the coverage, Israeli television began to broadcast the most troubling scenes. "The military censor," according to the same commentator, "who is notified about each bit of film before it is broadcast, has declined, in recent weeks, to intervene: the material is so unpleasant that even the censors prefer not to see it."

If Israel does not want the world to see Israelis beat Palestinians, Israelis should not beat Palestinians. And even if the world knew nothing of what happened in the West Bank and Gaza, the people who were there, the Israelis and the Palestinians, would know. It is true that beatings in other states and other societies do not always make the front page, but Israel has insisted, much of the time correctly, that it is not like other states and other societies. The front page is the price, the small price, finally, that Israel must pay for a difference in decency.

III.

All these powerful platitudes, some true, some false, provide the Jewish community, in Israel and in the United States, with a kind of intellectual insulation. They are armor against an awakening. They protect Jewish consciousness against the detonation of something it has come to cherish: the status quo.

For Jews, the status quo is a comfortable state of suspension. The occupation fosters a feeling of inconclusiveness: the serious dangers, the serious decisions, are all distant, all deferred. The present is drained of its finality. There is the past, when there was war, and the future, when there will be peace. Between the war and the peace, between the memory and the hope, Israeli actions in the West Bank and Gaza seem without gravity. This weightlessness amounts to a kind of license: lands may be expropriated, settlements built, social and political institutions created or destroyed, economic exploitation run rampant, newspapers opened or closed, and finally bones broken, all with the certainty that options stay open, all with the refrain that there must be a political settlement. Since a political settlement is the opposite of the occupation, though, the occupation seems prior to politics. The occupation is not Israel's life; it is Israel's other life. A place where responsibility seems obscure, where cause may be severed from effect. A strange mixture of presence and absence. In the limbo of the occupation, in this moral and political interregnum, Israel may change things without feeling that things have changed.

Thus not many Israelis, and almost no American Jews, are clamoring for the annexation of the territories. Even many Jews who favor annexation on ideological grounds are opposed to acting on their ideology, for reasons of moral and political convenience. Annexation would provoke a crisis in Israel's relations with America, and it would force the question of the place of the Palestinians in the Jewish state. The integration of the territories into Israeli experience, particularly into the Israeli economy, does not require annexation anyway. Territorial compromise, on the other hand, a withdrawal from portions of the territories, looks like a radical idea. And so the occupation postpones all such hassles, all such moments of truth.

But this is a great illusion. The occupation is not a limbo. And the status quo is not static. When time stops in the mind, it does not stop on the ground. Israel's policy in the West Bank and Gaza may hurry a settlement up, or hurry it away. There are more wise and less wise things for Israel to do, if it wants a settlement. As Rabin ordered the breaking of bones, he protested that he supports a political solution. He did not seem to understand that there is a relationship between the former and the latter. You do not break bones in the name of a political settle-

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ment. That is not the sort of strength from which you negotiate. For changes in hearts are even less reversible than changes in maps. The Palestinians, after all, do not experience the status quo in the way the Israelis do. For the Palestinians, the occupation is not an interregnum. They are ruled. For them, Israel's actions do not lack gravity. Reality is vivid for victims.

An habituation to the status quo, even an addiction to it, is what the Israeli right and the Israeli center have in common. It is the existential consensus in Israeli politics, a consensus of complacence, the only consensus there is. The war of ideas, about the first principles of nationalism and democracy, about the nature of the Jewish state and the nature of its obligation to the Palestinians, is waged alongside this consensus, curiously disconnected from it. The Palestinians, and the King of Jordan, can break this consensus, and test these ideas. Direct negotiations between Israelis and Palestinians and Jordanians will show how many of Labor's supporters are sincere about the party's official commitment to territorial compromise, how many differ with Shamir and Sharon not rhetorically but really, how many are ready to relinquish the populated areas of the West Bank and Gaza to some form of Palestinian empowerment.

PERHAPS THE Palestinian uprising will shake the Jewish ease with what is. Perhaps it will make Jews see that *this*, the riots, the beatings, the killings, the hissing hatred, is what is; that *this*, the slouching toward Belfast and the black hole of demography, is the status quo. Not calm diversified by commotion, but commotion diversified by calm. But Israel need not wait helplessly for the Palestinians and the Jordanians. It is hardly without the power to hasten the replacement of riots and riot control with politics. Israel can reaffirm its recognition of "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people and their just requirements" (the passage in the Camp David accords now seems extravagant to many Jews, and many Arabs have studiously forgotten it). It can turn away from iron fists, and assume a less provocative military presence in the territories, by withdrawing its troops from the centers of population. It can declare an amnesty for the many hundreds who were arrested during the uprising (an amnesty has been declared, after all, for most of the terrorists in the Jewish "underground"). It can hold free elections in the territories (a few weeks ago Peres called for them, and Shamir has expressed a scarcely credible interest in the idea), with the intention of treating the leadership that emerges as a partner for autonomy, and for negotiations about sovereignty. It can extend "functional" autonomy to the territories, give the Palestinians most of the keys, as a gesture of good faith, and as a rude start to Palestinian self-government.

All these things Israel can do unilaterally. Even Henry Kissinger argues that unilateral Israeli action is "a very creative idea." He also warns correctly that "whatever area is put under self-government is the area that will eventually have to be put under Arab rule. If it is a device simply to continue Israeli rule, it will not work." Kissinger was alluding to the Austro-Hungarian notion of autonomy to which the Likud is clinging, an autonomy without land rights, which forever denies sovereignty. For Shamir, autonomy is merely a sop to the Americans, a formula he will recite (as he did in January) as a response to American pressure. Shamir, recall, opposed the Camp David accords. When it appears that the United States wants more than words, he can be counted upon to deny (as he did in February) that autonomy has anything to do with "territories for peace." But "territories for peace" is precisely autonomy's purpose. For the occupation, autonomy must be the beginning of the end.

HOW WILL THE Palestinians respond? Palestinian history does not make you sanguine; their eye has rarely been on the prize. In 1978, for example, the Palestinians refused to entertain the idea of five years of autonomy, to be followed by negotiations on sovereignty. Those five years would have ended five years ago. In 1983, in other words, the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza could have raised a flag and taken it to a table. Instead, they are in the streets, and in the prisons, and in the camps. They are there in a state of exaltation, to be sure; but it will pass, unless their "awakening" is translated into politics. What happened in the territories was not terrorism, but it was not politics, either. And the loosening of the PLO's grip upon the Palestinian community has been accompanied by the troubling emergence of the mosque as a political center (mainly in Gaza).

Do the Palestinians see the present opportunity for politics? Or will the "awakening" prove to be another pyrrhic Palestinian accomplishment? They seem, many of them, to be dreaming of Haifa. But they dream of Haifa at the price of Nablus. They cannot have Haifa. They can have Nablus. They must accept, however, the principle of partition. In 1947 they refused to accept a first partition of the West Bank; they turned their backs on Palestine because it came with Israel. Now they must understand that what remains for them is a second partition of the West Bank, no more, unless it is war that they want. But war is what delivered the Palestinians into their misery. Only politics can deliver them out of it. Will they come forward, in political unity, expressly to talk? Will they stay the hands of their radicals during the talks, as they have stayed their hands during the protests? Will they stand for election? Will they take any of the keys?

IV.

"The Jewish return to history," was how the national liberation of the Jews, first in the form of the Zionist movement, then in the form of the Jewish state, used to be described. (The phrase was Emil Fackenheim's.) Of course the Jews never left history, except history as it is written by the winners. From that kind of history, the losers always vanish. They are never summoned back; they must summon themselves. A hundred years ago, a Jewish self-summoning began. Its premise was paradoxical: that the Jews would not be free until they acted as if they were

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already free. An unfree man waits to be helped. A free man helps himself. To contest power, in other words, is to be already beyond its reach. Zionism represented the retraction of every habit of the Jewish body and the Jewish soul that accepted the authority of circumstances. Such an acceptance came to look like an alibi. The Jews grasped that it is the oppressed, and not the oppressor, who first discovers the limits of oppression. That is the historical advantage of the losers over the winners: they see more, they are cognitively more competent. All that remains for them is to become practically more competent, too; to act. The Jews acted.

THERE WERE DANGERS all around them, but something also threatened from within, still threatens, their new national energy, and that is the vanity of the victim. Bertrand Russell called this "the superior virtue of the oppressed," and believed that "it begins only when the oppressors come to have a bad conscience . . . when their power is no longer secure." But surely it may begin, too, in the good conscience of the oppressed, which rewards powerlessness with goodness, which prefers being stainless in pain to responsible in action. The Jews finally refused any longer to be right, but down. They finally elected to rescue themselves, and run the risk of guilt, even of evil, in the effort at rescue. But though they made the break, they could not make themselves over.

The Jews carried their memory into their revolution. It turned out that freedom did not ask for forgetting. The Jewish past has been a great source of scruples for the Jewish state. But not always. Sometimes remembering is the enemy of thinking. "We are not allowed to kill; we are not allowed to expel; we are not allowed to beat," said Shamir in January. "You ask yourself what we are allowed to do. Only to be killed, only to be wounded, only to be defeated." He conquers, but he feels conquered; he punishes, but he feels punished. Such sentiments reflect a withered sense of historical agency, a kind of sentimental and national recidivism. These are not the words of a free man, or of a man who understands the many uses of power, or of a man with the equipment for peace.

Or consider the words of Major General Amram Mitzna, the commander of the occupation in the West Bank. He insisted that reports of the beatings were "just stories," because "it is something against our way of thinking, against our way of behaving." It was almost a matter of definition. The problem was, rather, that there were "exceptions." Mitzna was right. The beatings did go against Israel's way of thinking and Israel's way of behaving. But they took place anyway. Those ways of thinking and behaving, in other words, did not prevail. And there is no guarantee that they will. No state is naturally good, or immune from the excitements of power. A commander of an army must know that he is in charge of a force that he cannot completely control. A few weeks after Mitzna made his comment, it was revealed that two Israeli soldiers in the West Bank had tried to bury four Palestinians alive. Is it any wonder, when the minister of defense orders that "the first priority will be force, might, and beatings," that there are "exceptions?" And how many "exceptions" add up, finally, to a rule? After all, the evidence of experience must count for something in moral judgement. A liberal society that is also an occupying state will be easily dissociated from itself.

THERE IS NO law of history that the Jews will use power more sagely than any other people; their 2,000 years of powerlessness are not proof. And there is no a priori justice to Israel's actions. They are just, when they are just, because they are just, not because they are Israel's. The Jews may make any number of things out of their return to history. So far they have made a more or less fair society and a more or less open state. Certainly they have steered clear of the darkness that often descends upon nationalisms that win. But if the Jews in their state have done better, if they have managed to balance the conflicting claims of nationalism and democracy, it was partly because they enjoyed the luxury of easy numbers. The Arab minority in Israel was never so large that its political enfranchisement would threaten the Jewish character of the state. Until 1967. The occupation of much more than a million Palestinians, and their slow absorption into the Israeli world, has upset the moral and political equilibrium of an earlier era. It has made Israel vulnerable not only to constant intercommunal strife and a slow death by demography (unless there is a territorial compromise, it is the Palestinians, not the Israelis, who will do the absorbing), but also to the authoritarian temptation.

The meaning of 1967 in Jewish history was, obviously, that Israel survived. But that was the meaning of the war. The meaning of the occupation may be different. It may have provided Israel with something to compromise over that is not Israel itself. Until 1967, all Israel had to bargain over was its existence, and you do not bargain over your existence. The occupation may have moved the conflict from apocalyptics to politics. That is for all of the people, Israelis and Palestinians, who live on all of the west bank of the Jordan, to decide.

Jews who believe in the annexation, or in the indefinite occupation, of the West Bank and Gaza are inspired, they insist, by the imagination of catastrophe. We must be vigilant, they remorselessly say, Jewish states have been destroyed before. But they are not the only haunted ones. Jews who believe in a second partition, and in mutual recognition, and in peace, also live in view of a doom, with a vision of a future they fear. Not blood, though blood will surely be shed; not fire and water; not ruins. A different kind of ending. A disappearance, a slow overwhelming, an inexorable erasure punctuated by savagery, the loss of everything, one day, almost insensibly, to a change that stole across. A wasting of conscience, then of the state. That, too, is a Jewish nightmare. Of course, it need not come to pass. It is not too late for treaties and mercies. But hearts are hardening. There is cruelty on the Israeli side, and a little anguish. There is frenzy on the Palestinian side, and a little moderation. And time laughs. □

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Offer peace. Keep your nerve. Riot-control.

NO EXIT

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

JEWS ARE in panic. Nightly television pictures from the occupied territories have caused extraordinary unease among American Jews. In my experience, there has never been anything like it, not even during the Lebanon war. There was perhaps a higher level of anxiety in May 1967, but it was of a different kind. Then there was a sense of fear and helplessness. Now it is a feeling of taint, of corruption. Identification with the Zionist enterprise today has become a source of anxiety and shame.

The situation has elicited two reactions. The first is "Not me": public dissociation from Israel's actions. The extreme, almost parodic, example of the genre was provided by Woody Allen on the op-ed page of the *New York Times*. But almost daily the letters page features yet another declaration from the famous and not so famous condemning what is going on the West Bank and Gaza. This act of distancing passes for moral courage, as if there is risk for an American to come out against Israel's universally denounced policy of beatings and deportations.

It is one thing for American Jews to direct a protest at Israel. It is important for Israelis to know that diaspora Jewry will not support a policy of deliberate brutality, whatever the provocation. But it is quite another thing when the protests are designed for the American press and aimed at an American audience (as opposed to, say, appeals published in the Hebrew press or communicated directly to Israeli leaders). That serves less to sway Israeli opinion than discreetly to acquit American Jews of guilt for Israel's repressive policies. Woody Allen was writing not to move Shamir or Rabin. He was trying to reassure his tablemates at Elaine's: Not me.

Who asked? In times of triumph, say, the Six-Day War or Entebbe, diaspora Jews quite bask in their association with Israel. Israel has transformed the self-image and lifted the self-esteem of Jews everywhere, all the way to Moscow. But now that Israel is in crisis—caught in the vortex of an occupation it never sought and sees no safe way of ending—Israel has suddenly become alien and other. No one shunned association with Otto Preminger's Israel. Peter Jennings's Israel is another matter. Repression? Not me.

At its most self-indulgent, "not me" is merely a public protestation of personal innocence. At its most serious, it is an expression of intolerable anguish about what is happening in Israel and to Israel. Hence the second response to moral panic that has seized American Jewry: "Do something."

Do something, do anything. This demand is addressed to Israel, though sometimes the more desperate, hoping for an imposed solution, address it to the State Department. (Desperate, because though the United States can impose on Israel, its record of imposing on Arabs is hardly encouraging.) The demand comes wrapped in the following case: The situation is intolerable—for Palestinians, for Israelis, for Americans forced to watch the wretched spectacle on television. It must stop. We know you Israelis are awaiting a negotiating partner who will recognize your existence. But there is no such partner. Israel—because it is stronger, at fault, heir to a higher moral tradition (pick one depending on your ideology)—must act first. Do something to break the impasse. This is the view, it might be noted, not just of anguished American Jews, but of such professed friends of Israel as Zbigniew Brzezinski, not previously known for excessive sensitivity to the moral dimension of foreign policy, now moved to offer Israel advice on how best, through unilateral concession, to preserve its moral standing in the world.

The situation in Israel is very bad, perhaps worse than it has ever been. But this does not mean that it could not become worse yet. Indeed, it takes no great mental effort to imagine how much worse things could be. All proposals for action, whether unilateral, bilateral, or multilateral, must therefore be examined coldly to see where they lead. If they can be reasonably shown to lead to a better situation, they should be pursued. If they cannot be shown to make things better, and most likely will make things worse, resort to them is folly, a sign, pure and simple, of a loss of nerve.

What, then, are the alternatives? There is really only one, though it has its variations: end the occupation, leave the territories. There are several ways of leaving: unilateral autonomy, unilateral withdrawal, international conference, negotiation with the PLO for a PLO state. The mechanisms are different but they all have one essential feature. They involve turning the territories over to Arab control. They differ only as to the nature of that Arab control. One can talk about unilateral steps or multilateral negotiations all one wants. But the ultimate question is this: At the end of the day, when Israel leaves, who will police Nablus? There are only three possible candidates: 1) the young radicals whose committees are now running the "uprising," 2) the PLO and associates, or 3) the Jordanian army.

Note that even the least radical Israeli step—unilateral autonomy—means turning the territories over to an Arab authority. Autonomy that amounts to Palestinians acquiring the right to collect their own garbage has already been offered and already rejected. The only autonomy that has

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meaning and that can affect the course of events in the territories is autonomy that includes real police power.

Who will have it? If power devolves upon the young Islamic and PLO-oriented radicals now leading the demonstrations, one certain consequence will be the silencing—either by murder or intimidation—of those Palestinians the radicals call collaborationists and Westerners call moderates. However difficult it now is for Palestinians to call for real coexistence with a Jewish state, it will be infinitely more difficult when the radicals, whose ambitions do not stop at the 1967 lines, have a monopoly of power. Moreover, even if their ambitions were so circumscribed, there is not the slightest chance that they could or would keep the PLO out of the territories. Indeed, as Glenn Frankel of the *Washington Post* and others report, the PLO has already taken operational control of what began as a spontaneous revolt. And the PLO's raison d'être is not a rump state on the West Bank—when the PLO was founded in 1964, "occupied territory" was Haifa, not Hebron—but the liberation, i.e., eradication, of pre-1967 Israel.

In practice, therefore, the first two options collapse into one. If Israel withdraws unilaterally, control of the territories falls to the PLO, though it might initially be administered through a front of local extremists. In either case, the consequences for Israel are catastrophic. Henry Kissinger is no Jewish irredentist, nor is he sentimentally attached to Judea and Samaria. But he cites the only apt historical analogy for Israel giving the territories to the PLO: Czechoslovakia after Munich, a non-viable state infiltrated at its heart by a radical and implacable enemy whose goal is annihilation.

Jordan is the only candidate for policing Nablus whose ambitions do not automatically ensure constant and intensified war with Israel. The half of the Israeli electorate that wants to give up the territories wants to give them to Jordan for precisely that reason. The problem with this solution is that even if it were possible (which is to assume improbably that King Hussein will show more courage regarding the West Bank after the rioting than before), it is irrelevant to the problem. Palestinian unrest derives ultimately from frustrated Palestinian nationalism, for which the promise of Hashemite rule is no solution at all.

WELL, THEN, say the panicked, withdraw anyway and let the local radicals and/or PLO take over. If things turn out badly Israel can always go back and reoccupy the territories. This is armchair strategy at its worst—facile, irresponsible, and reckless. Apart from the diplomatic, political, and sheer human costs (how many will die in that operation?), one does not undo history so easily. There is an enormous difference between putting down riots and occupying a PLO state. The PLO will have guns, not stones. What is now civil unrest will be savage civil war. If you invite Fatahland onto the West Bank, you should expect Beirut in Jerusalem. Israel fought one Lebanon war. It does not need another, fought this time within artillery range of Israel's heartland.

However wrenching the current situation, the first responsibility of a statesman is to keep his head. And the first responsibility of Israel's friends is to consider consequences. There is no quick solution to the current rioting. All the unilateral steps advocated threaten to make things much worse. No one wants tragedy, but tragedy is still preferable to catastrophe. Over two millennia Jews have acquired a tragic sense of history. But in the current panic, that tradition is being challenged, indeed overwhelmed, by a contending apocalyptic, messianic tendency commanding immediate action at any cost.

THE LOGIC of Israel's current occupation of the West Bank and Gaza is the following: If Israel is to give up territory, it must get something in return. If it flees in panic, it gets nothing. What Israel gets must be peace. And that peace must be secure. Thus there are three requirements for any Israeli action regarding the territories. 1) There must exist an Arab negotiating partner. 2) That partner must offer recognition and peace and be willing to say that whatever settlement is reached marks the end of Arab-Israeli wars. And 3) that Arab partner must be willing to take responsibility for control of the territories and not merely serve as cover or conduit for control by a party that rejects Israel's existence and seeks control of the West Bank as a first stage in an endless war on Zionism.

So long as these conditions do not exist, Israel has no choice but to patrol Nablus. For Israel to give up the territories in the absence of these conditions is to collaborate in its own destruction. Israel might take steps to encourage these conditions. History, however, does not make one sanguine about the prospect of Jews doing much to attenuate the desire of others to destroy them. But we do have one encouraging and instructive counterexample: Egypt. The lesson of Camp David is that Israel did not win recognition and peace with its unilateral withdrawal from Sinai in 1957, which was backed by wholly illusory "guarantees" from the great powers. It won recognition and peace after four lost wars convinced Egypt that Israel was a fact, and after Israel conceded territories, but only in return for contractual peace.

The worst possible response to the current unrest is unilateral withdrawal, under whatever guise. Israel should declare its willingness to consider ceding some territory to any Arab authority that meets the (above) conditions necessary for Israel's peace and security. That authority might ultimately consist of a local West Bank leadership willing to deal with Israel. Might: such a solution must await the emergence of a Palestinian nationalism that renounces irredentism. It could be a long wait, a wait of generations.

Which brings us to the question of timing. Even if unilateral steps were not inherently dangerous, this is not the time to take them. There should be no political concessions to rioting. Whatever sympathy Israelis might have with the underlying grievance of the Palestinians, it is an elementary principle of self-preservation not to reward rioting. When rioting meets its echo, it intensifies. The Palestinians have been quite open about this. Look at what we have achieved, they say: U.S. condemnation of Israel in the

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U.N.; a new peace plan; a visit by Assistant Secretary of State Richard Murphy, then Secretary of State George Shultz; doubts and criticism from American Jews; dissension in Israel. If this is what we can achieve in two months of rioting, why not six months of rioting? In six months, we will get back the West Bank. In a year, all of Palestine.

Israel's response must be: Rioting gets you nothing. The absence of rioting might—we are prepared to negotiate the question—get you much. The rioting has made its point. The communication of visceral hate, the message that Israeli dreams of annexation and integrated coexistence are just dreams, is duly received. But we will not run. We will not give in to stones and strikes. Stop the rioting and we will discuss the terms of our separation.

But, say the panicked, you are missing the point. These are tired formulae. The deeper issue is that Israel is now, finally, face to face with Palestinian nationalism. Israel has met its fate and there is no escape. Israel must act.

The reality of Palestinian nationalism does not escape me. What does escape me is why that reality should compel capitulation. Face to face with any threat, the first obligation is not to lose one's head. So long as Palestinian nationalism defines itself as contradictory to and mutually exclusive of Jewish nationalism, Israelis have no choice but to resist. If the game is zero sum, Jews ought not to invite a solution that leaves them with zero. So long as Palestinians, both within and without the territories, insist that history must choose between these two nationalisms, Israelis must insist that history choose Jewish nationalism—or they should pack up and, as the PLO suggests, go back to Poland.

Negotiation and compromise can only take place with a Palestinian nationalism that is prepared to accommodate its Jewish counterpart. If it is not, then there is nothing to talk about. And one does not encourage that kind of accommodative Palestinian nationalism by flight in the face of two months of rioting, bad publicity in the West, and a case of nerves among American Jews.

THERE ARE three consequences of a precipitate Israeli withdrawal and capitulation to PLO control of the territories. The first and most obvious is the danger of unrelenting war from a well-armed, territorially based, internationally backed, irredentist PLO. A second, more subtle effect would be to mortgage Israel's security to the good will and indulgence of an enemy that has its finger on Israel's lifeline. By contracting to indefensible borders controlled by a hostile force, Israel would enter a period in which its survival depended less on its own strength than on its capacity to propitiate the enemy. This kind of dependency, all too well known to diaspora Jewry, is precisely what the Jewish state was meant to abolish.

Most ominously, and most immediately, a precipitate withdrawal from the territories would threaten Israel in an entirely different way: civil war. Israelis are bitterly and almost equally divided on how to deal with the territories. Each side believes that the other is threatening Israel's very existence with its policies. If Israel is forced prematurely to make a choice between the parties in a situation in which, unlike Camp David, there is no quid pro quo for withdrawal and no real partner for peace, there would be massive resistance within Israel. Jews shooting at Jews has not happened in 40 years, but it did happen during the War of Independence. One of Israel's great achievements has been the integration of the various armed and antagonistic Zionist tendencies into a democratic process. But more than democracy, civil peace itself would be threatened by capitulation in the territories. Endless guerrilla war from a PLO state is one route to the destruction of Israel; a quicker route is internecine warfare. It is not unimaginable. Those ready with radical and grandiose solutions for Israel's present problems should tread cautiously before demanding that Israel expose itself not only to the wrath of its enemies, but to the full fury of its own contradictions.

There is a desperate yearning among American Jews to solve the Palestinian problem now. That yearning comes from two sources. For some, justice is the Jewish vocation. The newest liberal Jewish magazine engraves that idea in its name: *Tikkun*, from the phrase *"tikkun olam"* in Jewish liturgy which means, literally, fixing the world. This strain of universalist Jewish utopianism is as touching as it is, for the generation after Auschwitz, anachronistic. A more persuasive case is made by realists, whose motive for redeeming the Palestinians is primarily self-regarding: only by ridding itself of the Palestinian problem will Israel save itself, body and soul. Fine. That is a solid premise for making policy. But the policy must withstand analysis. Israel will not be rid of the problem so easily. It is mere escapism to believe that unilateral autonomy or unilateral withdrawal or a PLO state will rid Israel of the Palestinian issue. In fact, it will turn *Israel* into the Palestinian issue. The question will then not be who rules Nablus. It will be who rules Haifa.

AT PRESENT the situation is no exit. Ultimately the best solution would be a Jordanian option, but the prospects of that happening, of either Hussein having the courage to do it or the local Palestinians having the will to accept it, are small and diminishing. The more realistic solution is for a new generation of leadership to arise in the West Bank and Gaza, which is prepared to defy the PLO and to come to an accommodation with Israel in which both nationalisms are recognized and the Hundred Years' War is declared over. Such a solution holds out the only hope for a real peace, but today that kind of Palestinian leadership is utterly lacking.

Do something. Those who demand that a solution be forced when the minimal conditions are absent are proposing to risk Jewish history to satisfy their impatience and relieve the anguish of the moment. It is a great risk to take, or, more accurately, to impose on others: American Jewry risks only discomfort and disapproval; Israel risks its survival. The conditions—the partners—are not there. Israel might do what it can to encourage their emergence, but alone it does not have the power to create them. Alone Israel has only the power to surrender. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Bloodshed Then and Now

Bertrand Tavernier has made two of the best historical films I know, *Let Joy Reign Supreme*, set in 18th-century France, and *The Judge and the Assassin*, set in 19th-century France. Now Tavernier has made a gauche historical film, *Beatrice*, set in 14th-century France.

Hobbled within this mannered, occasionally incoherent picture is a strong drama. The screenplay by Colo Tavernier O'Hagan centers on two ancient themes: generational vengeance in the mode of Aeschylus and father-daughter incest. (The title is a heavy reminder of *The Cenci*.) Tavernier has picked an excellent setting, a chateau of the period that provides a gaunt, stony ambience for large-scale cruelties. Such a scale is not beyond him, as he has shown in the past, but the screenplay of *Beatrice* has undone him.

Beatrice
(Samuel Goldwyn)
Shoot to Kill
(Touchstone)

O'Hagan (his ex-wife) wrote one exceptionally good, quiet, contemporary screenplay for him, *A Week's Vacation*. Her screenplay for this period drama, however, is built in sharp, "modern" fragments that not only fall far short of the size—sheer size—of movement that the story needs, they don't even make sense at times. Further, to judge by the subtitles, the writing is larded with fustian.

Drinking deeply of this somewhat ecstatic script, Tavernier seems figuratively intoxicated. Gone are his fine control, his sense of narrative flow, his eye for vivid composition. In their place is mere artiness. A hand-held camera rushes down corridors; profiles are posed against landscapes (à la *Ivan the Terrible*); huge close-ups are suddenly inserted; grotesque camera angles intrude; and we get a lot of long traveling shots, particularly of Beatrice galloping on a white horse. (Typical of the film's subtle symbolism.) The score by Ron Carter, the jazz bassist, doesn't help. The pizzicato commentary on the bass fiddle, alternated with some tuneless sawing, is only distracting. Or would be, if we weren't already distracted by the film itself.

Beatrice begins well enough, perhaps because the opening sequence is highly reminiscent of Kurosawa. A vast mountain panorama. A lord rides toward us over the brow of a hill, his ten-year-old son on the saddle with him. Then others flow over the top of the hill behind them, accompanied by a cross-bearing priest. History flows into place in the timeless landscape. The lord is off to war. His son wants to go with him. The father smiles and gives him a dagger, telling him to go home and protect his mother. When the boy gets back to their castle, he discovers his mother in bed with another man. The boy kills the man with his father's dagger, crying "My Lord God, I hate you."

This is a firm start for a picture meant to be massive and stark. But from then on, portentousness and obscurity nibble away until the film totters. We flash forward to the "present" when the avenging boy is grown, now lord of the castle, himself married and the father of a grown son and daughter. This father and son have been captured in a battle with the English and are ransomed by the lord's wife and daughter. The lord returns home humiliated and angry. Arnaud, the son, is a weakling and a disappointment to his father. François, the lord, turns for hope—and for love—to his daughter, Beatrice. Soon, stewing in his own dark juices, he violates her. Then he insists that his family and servants honor this arrangement. Subsequently François tries to marry Beatrice off, but the prospective husband refuses a deflowered bride. François then marries her himself, though Beatrice is numb with loathing.

At the end François, lying hollow-souled and bitter on his bed, watches his daughter approach, in her hand the dagger with which, as a boy, he slew his mother's lover. François points to his heart and says, "Here." She obliges. She then raises the bloody dagger and says, "My Lord God, I hate you." She smears blood from her hands on the face of a wooden Virgin.

This synopsis may make the film sound somewhat cogent. It isn't. A few questions. Why did François burn down some peasant buildings nearby? Why did he then run into one of the burning houses, shut the door on himself, and have to be pulled out? Why was an innocent religious recluse burned at the stake? What happened after François appeared in the cave where Beatrice had gone to have her fortune told? Did Beatrice abort the baby begotten by her father? And so on.

No one in the cast is especially impressive, though Bernard Pierre Donnadieu is fierce and shadowy enough as François and Julie Delpy has the right medieval-tapestry look as Beatrice. But both these actors, and the others, are swamped by Tavernier's extravagance, which apparently results from—is commanded by—an extravagant script.

John Scott's music for *Shoot to Kill* is sensational—in two senses. I can't re-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Broadcast News. The promise of satire fizzles, but this comedy about TV newspeople is very brightly written, directed, and played. (Reviewed 2/1/88)

Housekeeping. Two young sisters and their guardian, an eccentric aunt, in the mountainous Northwest. Seemingly a daft comedy, it grows to large resonance. (1/18/88)

A Month in the Country. Two young Englishmen, just returned from World War I, recover—similarly and differently—in deepest Yorkshire. Good acting and writing win out over soggy direction. Natasha Richardson, as a vicar's wife, helps greatly. (3/7/88)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being. A three-hour collection of scraps from Kundera's rich novel. The actors are so good that you wish they had a better adaptation to perform. (2/29/88)

SK

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member many film scores that, before we see the first frame, persuade us that the film is going to be good. Scott's music promises a fast, intelligent thriller, and the promise is kept for about an hour. Then, though the music remains unusual, *Shoot to Kill* goes the way of almost all thrillers: it loses individuality and reaches for the hand-me-downs of numberless thrillers before it. These clichés include, of course, the Big Car Chase and wild action in the midst of a crowd, in which none of the extras gets hurt.

The start is a holdup-by-hostage in San Francisco. A man breaks into a jeweler's home at night. He holds the wife at gunpoint and orders the jeweler to go to his shop and bring back unset diamonds. The jeweler hastens to respond. So does the FBI, under Sidney Poitier. Two deaths result; the killer-thief escapes. Poitier takes off after him, and the trail soon leads to the Northwest wilderness on the Canadian border. Here Poitier joins up with Tom Berenger, a doughty mountain man who hates the urban civilization that, in a way, Poitier and this chase represent. But Berenger joins the chase because the criminal has taken his girlfriend as hostage. The city black and the wilderness white hit the trail together.

The combination of city smarts and nature lore is effective, as are the two men. Poitier, back on the screen after a ten-year absence, shows his age but also his talent. Berenger, who was grimly dehumanized in *Platoon* and tacitly sensitive in *Someone to Watch over Me*, has a less demanding role here and easily does it to a turn. But the script—by Harv Zimmel and Michael Burton and Daniel Petrie Jr.—eventually gets so trashy that we feel a bit embarrassed at having been gripped by the first hour.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Schlepic

It could be argued that we no longer have theater in America, we only have Events. And the blame for this rests squarely at the door of economics and the media. Recognizing that few people today are prepared to meet the soaring costs of theatergoing unless assured of a blockbuster, the press, television, and radio have been devoting more and more space to hyping special large-scale attractions. Anything that promises big sales through advance publicity receives massive pre-opening and post-opening coverage—features, double reviews, interviews, follow-ups, even audits of the income of its creators—until we are smothered under an avalanche of information we have no desire to know. This is a variant on the morphology of the hit, but it has grown to extravagant proportions. As Russell Baker noted in a recent column, people will only buy tickets to a show they can't get into. Success in the Broadway theater is based on a culture of scarcity.

By this measure, there would even be a run on Edsels were there a shortage of parts, and lots of theatrical Edsels have gone on the market lately, masquerading as Rolls-Royces. Under such conditions, what can criticism do but fall into lockstep, praising what it has no power to alter? Even with bad reviews, the blockbuster continues to play to full houses and huge advance sales: even when heaped with scorn, the lachrymose wizard who manufactured the Event can row through his tears to the bank. By the end of the run, he probably owns the bank.

The critic-proof Event has resulted in a whole new theater genre which I call the "Schlepic." Often originating in England, and always costing millions, it takes New York by storm and runs for centuries to standing ovations. The first of these Schlepics was *Cats*, followed hard upon by *Les Misérables* and *Starlight Express*, with *Chess* and *Carrie* still to come. (Is it possible that *The Mahabharata* is an avant-garde version of the Schlepic?) The latest, and by far the most successful, in this series is *The Phantom of the Opera* by the "onlie begetter" of the genre, Andrew Lloyd-Webber. This musical generated $17 million in advance sales before it even opened, and now you can't buy a ticket until next Tisha b'Av. Costing $8 million to produce, *The Phantom of the Opera* is not a musical play so much as the theatrical

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equivalent of a corporate merger. We follow the plot with less interest than its box office reports; we can barely hear the music above the jingle of the cash register.

There are people moving around on the stage of the Majestic Theatre, but the star of the show is obviously the chandelier. I've sometimes spoken of leaving a musical singing the set; this is the first time I've gone home singing the chandelier. What a piece of work! It may look like an ordinary object, sitting there lumpishly on the floor as you enter, but just when you're wondering why the set looks so drab, it rises laboriously from its mooring, like Old Deuteronomy's neon-flashing tire in *Cats*, and sails over your head to take its place amidst transformed scenery to the gasps of the audience. I'll say this for *The Phantom of the Opera*: you're never in doubt about where the production budget went. Most of it must have been lavished on this redoubtable piece of stage machinery, which makes another entrance at the end of the first act, gliding over our heads, executing a few barrel rolls and Immelmanns, then dropping gently if anti-climactically to the stage. I was disappointed when it failed to take a personal bow at the curtain call.

The Phantom of the Opera, as you doubtless know, is based on Gaston Leroux's 1911 variant of Beauty and the Beast. As a literary work, it has as much value as the novels of Paul de Kock, but Leroux's feverish melodramatic plot was perfect material for silent films, where it gave Lon Chaney an opportunity to display one of his thousand faces. The hideousness of that disfigured face, as Chaney pumped and pounded away at his underground organ, is still the most memorable feature of the movie; and mimed silence is still the most appropriate medium for the plot. In the musical, the phantom is allowed to express himself in song, through the overheated lyrics of Charles Hart and the supercharged music of Lloyd-Webber, and while it is true that anything too silly to speak can be sung, I couldn't help longing for Chaney's golden silence.

This *Phantom of the Opera* passes itself off as an opera about opera. It not only takes place in an opera house, it features non-stop singing and revolves around scenes from operatic works. Although this strategy gives the production designer (Maria Björnson) ample opportunity to create some monumental sets and glittering costumes for simulations of works by Mozart, Verdi, Meyerbeer, and Massenet, Lloyd-Webber's music (though also presumably based on operatic models) somehow comes out sounding like a Puccini score stained with damp clotted parmesan cheese. Here, the composer is still hung up between writing theatrical music and devising songs that might hit the charts. As usual, he delivers one such overplugged tune—in *Cats*, it was "Memory," in *The Phantom of the Opera*, "The Music of the Night"—that lifts itself lyrically for a moment from the gluey mass of kitsch.

But *The Phantom of the Opera*, like other obnoxious offspring, is really meant to be seen, not heard. The story of a little girl from the corps de ballet who steps in and becomes a star when the diva resigns in a huff was more amusing in *42nd Street*. And the heroine's relationship with the phantom—"a lonesome gargoyle who burns in hell"—is a weak variant on the story of Svengali and Trilby, with a sidelong glance at the Dracula myth. The plot also peeks at the myth of Pandora when, at the end of the first act, our overly curious heroine lifts the white plastic half-mask of the monster, who dragged her to his lair in the bowels of the opera house, to reveal his ghastly face. Maybe this is a latent reference to exposing the "ugly" hidden parts of the male anatomy; anyway, it had half the women in the audience swooning. The other half, I suspect, were fuming. The cheap perfume that permeates the evening comes from masochistic romantic novels and their assumptions that women relish being ravished, dominated, and controlled.

ANYWAY, I think the heroine is meant to relish it, though in Sarah Brightman's impassive performance it is hard to know exactly what she is feeling. At the moment when the phantom, placing a red noose around the neck of her bleached-blond boyfriend, is preparing to hoist him to the chandelier, Brightman impulsively plants a wet kiss on the mug the phantom calls ugly enough to "incur" even "a mother's fear and loathing." Dynamite! His vengeful heart melting, his hatred relenting, the phantom frees the lover and sends the couple away in a boat apparently borrowed from the prop shop of *Tales of Hoffman*. Then, weeping copious tears over his gruesome topography, he sings "It's over now, the music of the night." Not quite over. Surrounded by pursuers, with all exits blocked, the phantom vanishes in a chair—leaving only his mask on the pillow and his character still available for the Schlepic sequel, *The Phantom Returns*.

Michael Crawford manages to play this operatic Elephant Man not only with a straight face, which is no small thing, but also with considerable passion, though I found his voice a little thin and reedy in the upper registers. The even more straight-faced Brightman has a pleasant soprano, and the rest of the cast performs with that confidence

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that bespeaks their certainty of extended employment. The contribution of the director, Harold Prince, and his lighting designer, Andrew Bridge, to this orgy of special effects has been properly celebrated. If you're a fan of laser lighting effects, flames shooting up from the floor, musty crypts, trick mirrors, stage elephants and bull-faced sphinxes, boat rides through a fog-shrouded lake festooned with glowing lights, and above all, aeronautical chandeliers, it will be hard to find two more accomplished technical magicians in this hemisphere.

But I remember a time, not long ago—in a Lloyd-Webber musical called *Evita*, for one thing—when Prince owed more to the Berliner Ensemble than to Industrial Light and Magic, when he was able to astonish us with simple Brechtian elements rather than multi-million dollar stage mechanisms. *The Phantom of the Opera* is a vulgar glitzorama, a parade of conspicuous consumption, a display of fake rococo for a trans-Atlantic audience glutted with material goods. It suggests that something much more dangerous than a chandelier might be crashing on the stage.

Rage And Return

The Collected Poems of Octavio Paz, 1957-1987 edited by Eliot Weinberger

(New Directions, 669 pp., $37.50)

"Poetry," proclaims Octavio Paz at the opening of his study *The Bow and the Lyre*, "is knowledge, salvation, power, abandonment. . . . Poetry reveals this world; it creates another. Bread of the chosen; accursed food. It isolates; it unites. Invitation to the journey; return to the homeland." He goes on in this vein for some time. But even this short citation maps the sensibility: Paz is at once dialectical and poetical. His conceptual oppositions vie at every turn with the imperatives of metaphoric formulation. The mind is always pushing its way forward by way of assertion and negation, plying among theses and antitheses in order to reach some still-point of synthesis. Any arrival, however, is but a preparation for the next departure. An inspection of Paz's poetry, or his myriad writings on literature, art, tantrism, or Mexican culture will convince anyone that the man whose name means "peace" never has any.

Born in a suburb of Mexico City in 1914, Paz has been his country's busiest thinker and man of letters for the better part of our century. If Mexico is, as is often asserted, the land that the European Enlightenment bypassed (it experienced the reaction of the Counter-Reformation instead), then Paz can be seen as one of the bearers of lost light. He has grappled with the historical and artistic legacies of both hemispheres; he has directed the concentrated rays of international modernism upon the dark mythic strata of pre- and post-colonial Mexico; and he has successfully combined the implicitly political role of the public intellectual with the solitary gestations required by the poetic muse—no small task.

Assembling between covers the poetic output of this dynamo is a bit like trying to hang a stationary frame around a Catherine wheel. Poem by poem, of course, the centrifugal bursts of his talent are arrested within lines and stanzas. But the cumulative effect of any larger sequence is of a motion very much at odds with the customarily tranquil development of a poet's career.

Readers, then, should be alerted. The beautifully designed, classic-looking *The Collected Poems of Octavio Paz, 1957-1987* is not a memorial slab—Paz in his mid-70s is creating valorously. But neither is the book's enormous heft a token of uncontested greatness. The contents manifest a profusion that becomes at times unruly: poems of great distinction are set out side by side with less engaging exploratory exercises. Only on the plane of translation is the uniformity of excellence certain. Paul Blackburn, Elizabeth Bishop, Charles Tomlinson, Mark Strand, Lysander Kemp, Denise Levertov, John Frederick Nims, and Eliot Weinberger, who has rendered the bulk of the poetry, are as fine a team of translators as any writer could dream of having. This is not to say that there will not be quibbles. My favorite is with Weinberger's translation of the lines "Un grito / en un cráter extinto / en otra galaxia / ¿cómo so dice ataraxia?" into "A shout / in a dead crater: / in another galaxy / how does one say pathetic fallacy?" My English dictionary has "ataraxia"—"a state of tranquility"—and try as I may I cannot figure out how "pathetic fallacy" fits in its place. This is a rare lapse, however. Weinberger has done a heroic job of bringing Paz into a lucid and quick-moving idiom.

The assertion implicit in Weinberger's editing—which will not be contested here—is that Paz first came into his own with the publication of his tour-de-force long poem "Sunstone" (1957), which is the opening selection. He had been writing poems for decades already (an *Early Poems, 1935-1955* was published some years ago), but with this performance he is ready to start making his mark on international literature. Indeed, in its ambitiously synthetic momentum, "Sunstone" can be viewed as an important precursor of the innovative work of Carlos Fuentes, Gabriel García-Márquez, Julio Cortazar, and other writers of the celebrated "boom" of the 1960s.

"Sunstone" is written as a single circular sentence—its end joining its beginning—of 584 11-syllable lines. Its structural basis is the circular Aztec calendar, which measures the synodic period of the planet Venus. (I take this from the helpful "Author's Notes" at the back.) But the reader need not be alarmed by this esoteric correlative design. While it organizes the work, it does not circumscribe its subject. "Sunstone" is, like so many of Paz's longer poems, a lyrically discursive exploration of time and memory, of erotic love, of art and writing, of myth and mysticism. The axis is the urgently ruminating "I"; the links between one flight and the next, often between one line and the next, are forged by the relentless alchemical transformations of metaphor:

> I search for an instant alive as a bird,
> for the sun of five in the afternoon
> tempered by walls of porous stone:
> the hour ripened by its cluster of grapes,
> and bursting, girls spilled out from the fruit,
> scattering in the cobblestone patios of the school,
> one was tall as autumn and walked
> through the arcades enveloped in light,
> and space encircled, dressed her in a skin
> even more golden and more transparent.

Paz's procedure allows him to create a

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vast and fluid-feeling panorama of the psyche in intensified motion, with all of its dilations and shifts. The hazard is one that threatens all such inclusive (and, yes, baroque) undertakings: that the pressure of necessity will be vitiated by the too-bountiful imaginings, that the progress on the page will at times resemble a free-for-all of competing ideas and images. Stunning as Paz's cadenzas can be, the reader may long at times for a clearer sense of directional development. (Paz's polymorphous tendency is encouraged, I suspect, by the vowel-rich sonorities of the Spanish language; it would be difficult to generate so hypnotic a flow of sounds in our Anglo-Saxon-based tongue).

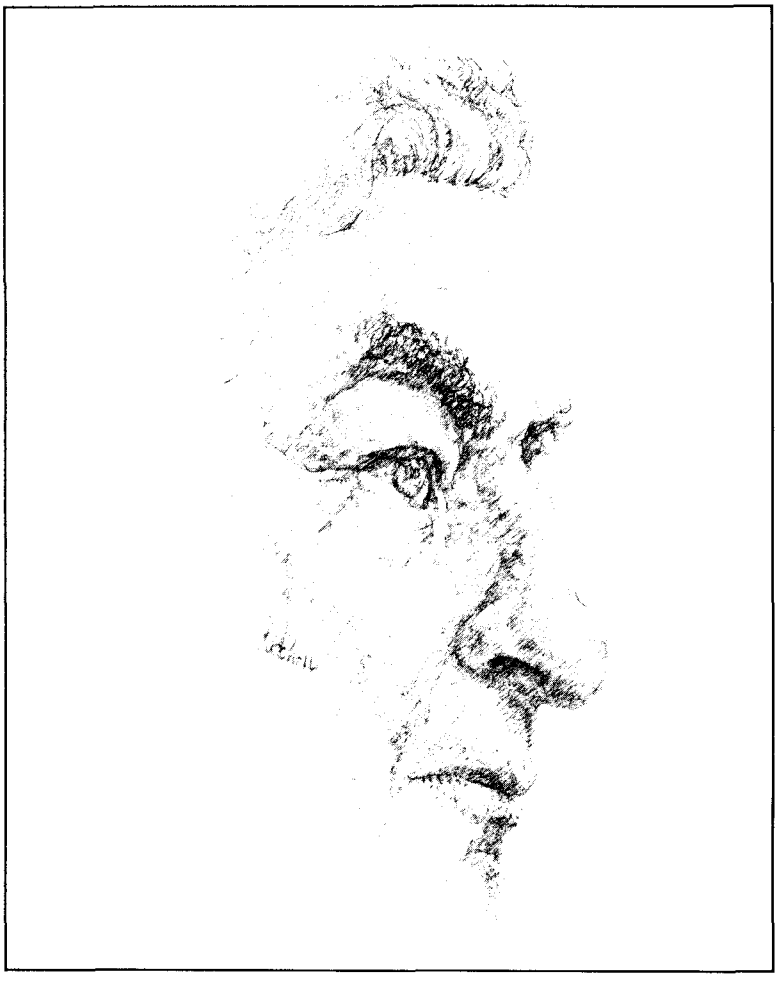
Though Paz's reigning structural conceit in "Sunstone" harks back to the indigenous Aztecs, his poetic art strongly reflects the influence of André Breton and the French surrealists, as well as the deep Symbolist heritage running back through Eliot to Rimbaud. It's hard to miss the Rimbaldian echo in a passage like this:

—when was life ever truly
ours?
when are we ever what we
are?
we are ill-reputed, nothing
more
than vertigo and emptiness,
a frown in the mirror,
horror and vomit, life is
never
truly ours, it is always be-
longing to the others,
life is no one's, we are all
life—
bread of the sun for the others,
the others that we all are—

Paz is clearly less interested in subject matter than he is in recreating the momentum of psychic—and spiritual—processes. "Sunstone" is as much about the porosity of boundaries and the frailty of the ego as it is about the solar mythologies of the Aztecs.

One does not have to read far to discover a rather striking artistic split at the core of Paz's endeavor. Throughout the compendium, long, all-embracing poems of the "Sunstone" variety alternate with short, stripped-down lyrics. The latter are often lyrically superior—cleaner, more mysterious, less didactic—but they bear no freight of ideas. It is almost as if these were the two warring sides of the poet's nature—a will to proliferation and a will to asceticism. Compare the passages already cited with the swift and tremulous "Dawn," also from the 1950s:

Cold rapid hands
draw back one by one



DRAWING BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

the bandages of dark
I open my eyes
still
I am living
at the center
of a wound still fresh

The cool economy of strokes does not sort easily with the expressive prolixity found in the longer poems.

In 1962, when he was 48, Paz was appointed to the post of Mexican ambassador to India. Out of the 6-year period that he served—the key years of poetic maturity—came the collection *Ladera Este*, or *Eastern Slope*. The impact of Indian religious creeds on a sensibility avid for spiritual syntheses was, predictably, immense. Paz already suspected the fortified boundaries of the ego. Now, for a time, he would seek to tear asunder the veil of Maya (or "illusion"). Here, for instance, are some lines from "Reading John Cage," a remarkable fusion of Paz's avant-garde inclinations and his more mystical probings:

It is not the same,
hearing the footsteps of the afternoon
among the trees and houses,
and
seeing this same afternoon
among the same trees and
houses now
after reading
Silence:
Nirvana is Samsara,
silence is music.

Even more ethereally pitched is Paz's long fugal poem "Blanco," which reads in places like some Eastern holy text:

No and Yes
together
two syllables in love
If the world is real
the word is unreal
If the word is real
the world
is the cleft the splendor the
whirl
No
disappearances and
appearances
Yes
the tree of names
Real unreal
are words
they are air nothing

Paz is not the first Occidental poet to have embraced Oriental ways. The great Swedish poet Gunnar Ekelöf put himself through a similar sea-change; and both Gary Snyder and Allen Ginsberg have, for periods, brought their aesthetics in line with the practice of Eastern religious disciplines. The marriage of strains has often resulted, as it did in some of Paz's poetry of the time, in a haunting, if peculiar, music.

But the Indian period was not to last. The 1968 massacre of student demonstrators by government troops at the Mexico City Olympiad stunned Paz. He resigned his post in protest and returned home. Though he had long since broken with the leftist orthodoxy

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of the Latin American intelligentsia, he had no tolerance for the repressions of the state's pretend democracy, either. His gesture marked him as a radical without an ideological portfolio—a status that continues to irk many of his countrymen.

The poetry from this turbulent epoch (1969-1975) was collected in *Vuelta*, or *Return*. (*Vuelta* is also the name of the cultural journal that Paz began to edit at this time.) The poet appeared to be turning away from the quietistic meditations of his India years. A poem like the title-piece, "Return," reveals a preoccupation with the crises of the day, and sequences of sharply surrealistic imagery expose a distinctly non-transcendental point of vantage:

> We have dug up Rage
> The amphitheater of the genital sun is a dungheap
> The fountain of lunar water is a dungheap
> The lovers' park is a dungheap
> The library is a nest of killer rats
> The university is a muck full of frogs
> The altar is Chanfalla's swindle
> The eggheads are stained with ink
> The doctors dispute in a den of thieves

Once again, Ginsberg comes to mind, this time the Ginsberg of "Howl" (1956). We see the same effort in both writers to find a declamatory idiom adequate to the outrageous character of contemporary events.

Rage is not the only thing that Paz disinterred upon his return. He also became fascinated with the myth of the self and of the past (a fascination that might have signalled the return of the repressed ego). In 1974 Paz published his long poem *A Draft of Shadows*. The epigraph is drawn from Wordsworth's *Prelude*: "A Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up / Fostered alike by beauty and by fear." Throughout the poem, Paz attempts through repeated elisions of memory to come to terms with his family history, his own emotional and spiritual experience, and his poetic vocation. He begins with an Eliotic evocation of the mysteries of memory—

> Heard by the soul, footsteps
> in the mind more than shadows,
> shadows of thought more than footsteps
> through the path of echoes
> that memory invents and erases:
> without walking they walk
> over this present, bridge
> slung from one letter to the next.

carries on through hundreds of lines figuring phases in his autobiography—

> Child among taciturn adults
> and their terrifying childishness,
> child in passageways with tall doors,
> rooms with portraits,
> dim brotherhoods of the departed,
> child survivor
> of mirrors with no memory
> and their people of wind:
> time and its incarnations
> broken into travesties of reflections.

and finally concludes with these enigmatically Symbolist lines:

> I am where I was:
> I walk behind the murmur,
> footsteps within me, heard with my eyes,
> the murmur is in the mind, I am my footsteps,
> I hear the voices that I think,
> the voices that think me as I think them.
> I am the shadow my words cast.

IF PAZ HAD earlier, in "Blanco," opposed the reality of the world to that of the word, he appears here to have cast his lot with the latter. He is hardly the first poet to have looked to language as the seat of the real—Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Eliot, and Stevens all did—but few poets have subjected their readers at such length to the to-and-fro of the preliminary meditations. Indeed, this might well be the main complaint against this grand *oeuvre*: that it asks us to track what are often just the reflex actions of a soul bent on transcending the here and now. When Paz is at his best, we can feel the struggle pressurizing the verse. But there are too many instances of the mind milling abstract nouns, and too many patches of "sublime" musing that come across more as a conjuring with verbal counters than as a pitched battle with necessity. This unevenness keeps Paz from being a poet of the very first order—the ore keeps disappearing inside the bedrock. Take this short passage from *A Draft of Shadows*:

> Amazed at the moment's peak,
> flesh became word—and the word fell.
> To know exile on earth, being earth,
> is to know mortality. An open secret,
> an empty secret with nothing inside:
> there are no dead, there is only death, our mother.
> The Aztecs knew it, the Greeks divined it:
> water is fire, and in its passage
> we are only flashes of flame.
> Death is the mother of forms.

The switches and equivalences are just too deft: flesh becoming word, exile

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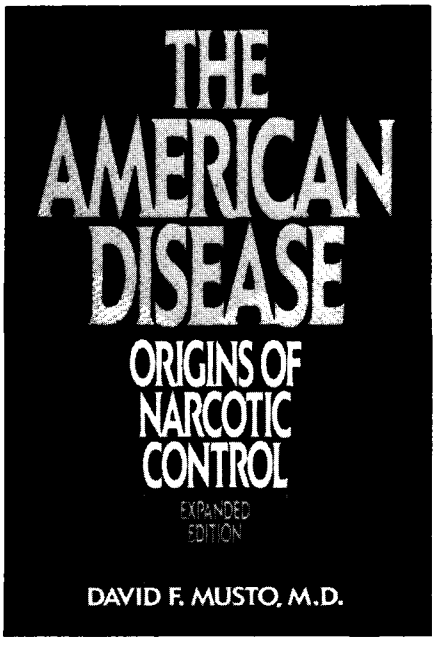

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opening on mortality, the assertion that there are no dead, that water is fire.... One starts to wonder if the nouns could not be interchanged—with flesh becoming fire, word water—without great loss.

THE VOLUME CONCLUDES with the hitherto uncollected poems of *Arbol Adentro* (*A Tree Within, 1976-1987*). Paz's spiritual battles continue unabated. It may be tempting to read the more recent poems as episodes in an elderly poet's confrontation with mortality. And the evidence can be found for such a tack. In the long poem "Preparatory Exercise (Diptych with votive tablet)," for instance, the speaker laments: "The Buddha did not teach me how to die." But an open-eyed assessment shows a contrary development as well. Many of these poems give us Paz at his most celebratory—and most youthful. He sounded older at 40 when he was tormenting himself with metaphysics. Now, in places, we heed a sprightlier voice, a vision that looks to the earthly as well as to the ineffable:

The One
is the prisoner of itself,
it is,
it only is,
it has no memory,
it has no scars:
to love is two,
always two,
embrace and struggle,
two is the longing to be one,
and to be the other, male or female,
two knows no rest,
it is never complete,
it whirls
around its own shadow,
searching
for what we lost at birth,
the scar opens:
fountain of visions,
two: arch over the void,
bridge of vertigoes,
two:
mirror of mutations.
—from "Letter of Testimony: Cantata"

Fountain, arch, and bridge—all three are curving emblems of reconciliation and, in this context, human love. Paz's career may yet have room for a poetry of earth.

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The papers and television bring us daily reports about the happenings in the areas administered by Israel—Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip, and the allegedly poor treatment the Arabs receive at the hands of the Israeli authorities. Leaving the administered territories to future analysis, it is of interest to consider the status of Arab citizens in Israel proper.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a democratic country—an open, pluralistic, and egalitarian society. Different religions, cultures, and social traditions co-exist. Protection of such diversity is embedded in Israeli's traditions and confirmed by the government. Seventeen per cent of the total population (700,000 people) are non-Jews, most of them Arabs, and some Druze. Like all other Israeli citizens, they have full rights to vote and to hold elective office. Both Arabs and Druze hold seats in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Every Knesset, since the founding of the state in 1948, has had Arab and Druze members. All transactions in the Knesset are simultaneously translated into Arabic, and Arab members may address the Knesset in Arabic.

■ It is official policy of the Israeli government to foster the language, culture, and traditions of the Arab minority, in the educational system and in daily life. Arabic is an official language in Israel, together with Hebrew. Israel's Arabic press is the most vibrant and independent of any country in the region: there are more than 20 Arabic periodicals. They publish what they please, subject only to the same military censorship as Jewish publications. There are daily TV and radio programs in Arabic. Arabic is taught in Jewish secondary schools. Israeli universities are renowned centers of learning in the history and literature of the Arab Middle East.

■ Education and literacy of the Arab population in Israel is as high and probably higher than in any Arab country. The literacy rate among Israeli Arabs is 95%, virtually the same as for Israeli Jews. There are some 700 Arab educational institutions in Israel, with about 200,000 students—17 times as many as in 1948, when the State of Israel was created. 90% of Arab children attend school, probably the highest ratio of any Arab population anywhere. Israeli universities and technical institutions are freely available to the Arabs. About 3,000 Arab students attend such schools.

■ All religious communities in Israel enjoy the full protection of the State. Israeli Arabs—Moslems, as well as many Christian denominations—are free to exercise their faiths, to observe their own weekly day of rest and holidays, and to administer their own internal affairs. Each community has its own religious councils and courts, and has full jurisdiction over religious affairs, including matters of personal status, such as marriage and divorce. The holy sites of all religions are administered by their own authorities and protected by the government.

■ In contrast to the non-Israeli Arab world, Arab women in Israel enjoy the same status as men. Israeli law grants women equal rights, including the right to vote and to be elected to public office, prohibits polygamy and child marriage, and has thus vastly changed the status of women, to far above that of any country in the region. Israeli health standards are by far the highest in the Middle East. Israeli health institutions are freely open to all Arabs, on the same basis as they are to Jews.

■ There is, however one difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews in Israel. Israeli and Druze men are required to do three years of military service and then serve one month every year until they are 50. Arabs are exempted from military duty and are not required to perform any compensating civilian service. Since the surrounding Arab states, with the recent exception of Egypt, are the avowed enemies of Israel and are dedicated to its destruction, this exemption is granted by the Israeli Government to its Arab citizens, so as to spare them conflicts of loyalty and conscience.

Contrary to propaganda and to what many believe, the Arabs in Israel are full-fledged citizens, enjoy every civil right, and have the same status in law as Jewish Israelis. In summary, they enjoy the highest standards of living and liberty of any Arabs in the Middle East. It is instructive and sobering to compare the condition of the approximately 700,000 Arabs in Israel with that of the pitiful remnants of Jewry in Arab countries. Jews have been living in Arab countries for almost 2000 years. Under Arab dominance, they were always third-class citizens and subject to harassment and to persecution. There were about 900,000 Jews in Arab countries in 1948—now there are fewer than 25,000. But there are now 700,000 Arabs in Israel, as against 150,000 in 1948—a more than four-fold increase. These figures alone would seem to prove that things can't be all that bad for Arabs in Israel.

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SCOUNDRELS RECONSIDERED

Those Terrible Carpetbaggers by Richard Nelson Current

(Oxford University Press, 475 pp., $24.95)

In the demonology of the Reconstruction legend, carpetbaggers occupy a place of special infamy. It was the low knavery of these Yankee jackals of the war that brought dishonor on the Union victory. They came South after the freedmen were enfranchised and used them to prey on the defeated Confederates. It was their greed, their rascality, their villainy that corrupted state governments, bankrupted their treasuries, and destroyed amicable relations between the races. The disgrace and chaos that resulted from this "carnival of corruption" so discredited the worthy aims of Reconstruction that they had to be indefinitely postponed, if not completely abandoned.

So goes the legend, and it has enjoyed support in the North as well as the South. In the South, carpetbagger depravity was one of the mainstays of defense for overthrowing Reconstruction governments, restoring "home rule," defying the Constitution, and assuring white supremacy. In the North, the legend served equally important needs. These included defense of abandoning the Republican governments in the Southern states, acquiescing in the terrorism that overthrew them, giving up protection of the newly won rights for the freedmen, and cynically trading in the nobler Civil War aims of the union in exchange for peace and sordid political gains. With all that at stake, and sectional compromise and reconciliation resting on it, the carpetbagger legend gained security as one of the pillars of American nationalism in the new postwar order.

Richard Current undertakes to subject the legend to historical investigation, and to discover to what degree its evil connotations fit human realities. Admitting that there were "hundreds of carpetbaggers," he selects for biographical analysis ten, not as typical but as "among the most notorious," and in the belief that at least nine of the ten "would undoubtedly be included in any expert's list of the dozen most important." He "strives for objectivity" in "revealing the pertinent facts whether favorable or unfavorable to the subjects." Relying heavily on manuscript and archival sources, Current is generally successful in his struggle for objectivity. He has more trouble with his effort to present "the history of Reconstruction ... through interwoven accounts of the careers of the ten men." The method entails a lot of backtracking, repetition, and omission. He does manage to present some striking vignettes from the era, but its history is too complicated to yield to this biographical treatment and its simplifications.

Of the ten carpetbaggers chosen to bear the burden of the narrative, important as they all were in their time, few would now be widely remembered. Most likely to be recognized (though still hardly household names) are North Carolina carpetbagger Albion W. Tourgee (Ohio), later famous for his best-selling novel *A Fool's Errand*; South Carolina carpetbagger Daniel H. Chamberlain (Massachusetts), with Yale and Harvard degrees; Mississippi governor and senator Adelbert Ames (Maine); and possibly Louisiana's 25-year-old governor Henry Clay Warmoth (Illinois). The remaining six, identified with Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Arkansas, are familiar only to specialists. Together they account for only seven of the eleven ex-Confederate states, leaving Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and Texas unrepresented.

In spite of these shortcomings, the sample is richly instructive about the familiar carpetbagger stereotype. First about the reputation for ignorance: seven of the ten were college educated, and of the three who lacked college degrees two were lawyers and one a newspaper editor. A remarkably literary lot as politicians go, five of them were authors of books, and another, the Yale and Harvard alumnus, published numerous scholarly articles. It is doubtful that their top ten counterparts from the South came near this level of educational and literary attainment—or that this average was often reached elsewhere.

Other components of the standard carpetbagger stereotype suffer under close inspection. None of the ten in the sample evaded military service, and most of them saw heavy action, some with heroic records. All but two came South with the intention from the start of making their homes there. All but one, who arrived early as a federal officeholder, were Union army veterans and all but one of the rest had other than political reasons for remaining or returning South after military service. None could be accurately described as "roving adventurers," and none as penniless on arrival. Some arrived with carpetbags stuffed with securities, and some lost their shirts in speculation.

All but one of the ten arrived before the Reconstruction Act was passed giving Southern blacks the right to vote, and therefore before carpetbaggers could reasonably plot to exploit black votes for political rewards. While the author admits that carpetbaggers "exerted an influence disproportionate to their numbers," he holds that their influence has been exaggerated and rightly points out that it could only be wielded with the support of a majority of Southerners, black or white. In any case, it was wielded briefly, and in only three states—South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana—did the so-called "carpetbag-scalawag-Negro-rule" last as long as ten years.

Current is cautious in his generalizations about carpetbaggery and corruption. As he says, it is often hard to draw a sharp line, in the late 19th century as in the late 20th, between a campaign contribution and a bribe. If the "conflict of interest" concept seems underdeveloped now, it was even more so then. Ambiguities left plenty of opportunities for politicians to line their pockets without actually violating the law. Bribery there undoubtedly was, but the "'baggers" were not the only takers nor Republicans the only givers of bribes. Nor was the phenomenon confined to the Reconstruction South. The Gilded Age was a national, not a regional, experience, and the ethical standards of the Grant administration were indiscriminatingly applied nation-wide.

Given this latitude of relativism, Current arrives at the conclusion that all but three of his sample of ten carpetbaggers (Warmoth of Louisiana, R.S. Scott of South Carolina, and George E. Spencer of Alabama) "deserve to have the charge of corruption summarily dismissed." He also characterizes charges of extravagance on the part of their administrations as "grossly exaggerated." In placing the record of his 'baggers for public probity in historical perspective, I think he

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might have made an even better case for them had he compared it with the record of their successors, the Southern Redeemers, who overthrew the last of their governments by 1876 in the name of reform. Among other things, nine of the Redeemers' state treasurers defaulted or absconded with the funds entrusted to them. In Louisiana, for example, the 'baggers had much to learn about corruption from their predecessors and little to teach their successors. Other comparisons he might have played up more with the same effect are the contemporary "carnivals of corruption" in Washington and in states and territories north of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi.

WE ARE REMINDED, however, that the Southern states were unique: they were the scene of a noble experiment without precedent here or abroad. This experiment was the endowment of recently liberated slaves with equal civil and political rights, including the right to vote and to hold office, and the amendment of federal and state constitutions to guarantee and to protect those rights. How did the carpetbaggers measure up to these idealistic goals and responsibilities? The familiar charge against them, of course, is that they were interested in the black voter not for his sake, but for their own, and exploited his ignorance and inexperience cynically and shamelessly for their own ends.

Sincerity in such matters is not always easy to prove or disprove, and motives are often mixed. The sample of ten turns up idealists and cynics as well as turncoats. Two of them, Tourgee most prominently, began as and remained friends and champions of freedmen's rights. Two others went along with the radical program reluctantly, or without enthusiasm. Four seem to have got along with black supporters well enough most of the time. And two of them, Chamberlain and Warmoth, did a complete reversal, beginning as enthusiastic radicals and winding up as disillusioned conservatives. The most conspicuous turncoat was Chamberlain, the scholarly New England lawyer who arrived in South Carolina as a dedicated crusader and spent his later years renouncing all he once stood for, ending as a pronounced negrophobe.

Current maintains the evenhanded balance needed for the difficult task he undertakes. He is careful not to apply the exacting late-20th-century standards of race relations to his 19th-century politicians; he admits that none of them would

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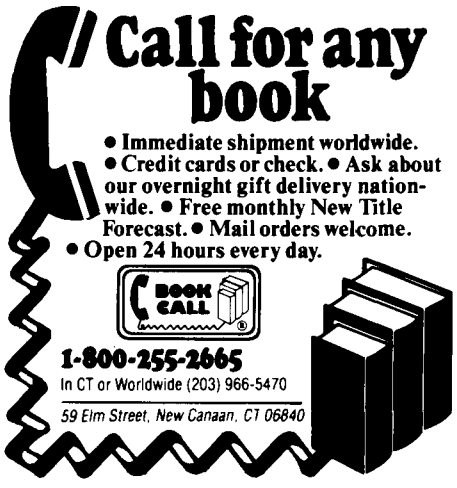
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live up to present standards of militant egalitarians. He presents no candidates for sainthood and doubts that there is an authentic hero among them. All too human, each of them had his frailties. Of course all of them upset Southern relations between the races, but that was inevitable given the nature of their role, since the relations upset were ones of passivity and deference demanded by Southern whites of blacks in slavery times. What Current will not tolerate is the comparison of any realistic portrayal of his carpetbaggers with an idealized picture of Southern white martyrs, who, whatever fine qualities they claimed, practiced an ugly form of racial injustice.

It remains only to account for the durability and the grossness of the carpetbagger stereotype in American history. Progress toward an explanation might have been advanced by a bit of counterfactual history for which Current would seem specially qualified. An alumnus of Oberlin College, which was a nursery of abolitionists and crusaders, he taught history for some years in Greensboro, North Carolina, where Albion Tourgee once took his valiant stand for freedmen's rights. Being a latter-day variety of the species himself, some of the ideas for his book on carpetbaggers must have taken shape during those years as he reflected on the ironies of his situation. In that mood he might have speculated on the consequences of reversing the outcome of the Civil War, and with counterfactual license, also reversing the carpetbagging role.

That would have made a youth of 25 from Louisiana governor of Illinois, a Confederate veteran from South Carolina governor of Massachusetts, a slave owner from Mississippi governor of Maine, and so on down the line, each of them supported by military forces—in gray uniforms. Even without the missing component of black freedmen or a comparable confiscation of Northern capital (which would stretch the counterfactual license a bit far), it seems likely that such a situation would have produced something on the order of a carpetbagger legend, this one with the regional origins of villains and victims reversed. Pure conjecture to be sure, without a trace of historical evidence. And yet, as Gibbon once observed, "the knowledge of human nature, and of the sure operation of its fierce and unrestrained passions, might, on some occasions, supply the want of historical material."

C. VANN WOODWARD

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, SCUM

The People's Armies
by Richard Cobb
translated by Marianne Elliott

(Yale University Press, 776 pp., $55.00, $17.95 paper)

In 1792, three years after the Bastille fell, the dawn when Wordsworth felt bliss to be alive turned to sullen dusk. Beset by political unrest and economic chaos, revolutionaries had gone to war: a flight forward from problems they could not solve to troubles graver still. Before long, far from standing on top of golden hours, France starved, shivered, and dripped with blood. Before 1792 was out, monarchy had been abolished and a republic proclaimed. But the new regime found only trouble in its cradle: governmental instability, provincial rebellions, urban riots, peasant uprisings, the threat of foreign invasion. Supplies were of prime importance—for the nation's armies and for the great cities, especially for Paris, which was always on the verge of popular explosion. In the spring of 1793, to guarantee supplies, first grain prices, then other wages and prices, were fixed; hoarding was made a capital offence; and special forces were raised to repress widespread resistance to the new decrees.

These were the *armées révolutionnaires*, the people's armies whose career Richard Cobb describes in a book that began as a French doctoral dissertation and soon became a classic of French Revolution history. A quarter century after its publication in French, this splendid work is made available to English language readers in a

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large volume, handsomely produced and luminously translated as a labor of love by Marianne Elliott, who has caught all the nuances of Cobb's lively style.

THE STORY SPANS a brief time: from spring 1793, when the revolutionary authorities first outline plans for a people's army to be recruited from among orthodox republicans and financed from taxes levied on the rich and the ill-disposed, to the following spring, when these units were disbanded after an effective existence of seven or eight months. The first thing to bear in mind is that the *armée révolutionnaire* had nothing in common with the units being mobilized by universal conscription (first introduced that same year) to fight the foreign foe: the people's army was meant to defend the Republic, not on its borders but within, to watch over internal security, to crush the "malevolent," to strike terror into critics and opponents of the regime, to pursue those whose "selfishness" threatened patriotic enterprise.

Above all the popular armies' chief mission was to enforce what everyone called the Maximum. The laws that fixed a maximum price for foodstuffs had dried up the flow of supplies into urban markets, and this threatened urban unrest—dangerous to the war effort, but also to the safety of legislature and government. Only force could ensure the movement of grain to the official markets, keep the economy limping along and the government from being overthrown. Rural selfishness had to be crushed by terror, but even more by the terror of Terror, a bluff sufficiently terrifying to extract the grain without which the revolutionary regime could not endure.

The egalitarian force meant to institute an unpopular program by the threat of its presence had an appropriately terrifying appearance. The actor dressed as a *sans-culotte* on the book's jacket looks too neat. The true revolutionary soldier was villainous looking, with great moustaches, lank matted hair, foul pipe clenched in black teeth, a belt heavy with sabre and pistols, and a stink much like that which the Byzantines claimed had helped equally unwashed and fierce-breathed Crusaders to bowl them over in 1204. Many bore out their mien. Some were men of violence, leaving a trail of cruelty and sexual excess. Others were pimps, blackmailers, or petty thieves. All were quite inapt for military exercise or discipline, insolent to their officers and lacking in esprit de corps.

Most were respectable citizens nevertheless, whose worst crimes were connected with drunkenness, conformity, and revolutionary emulation. Accustomed to supplementing an insufficient diet with copious draughts of vile red wine, "drinking heavily, paying rarely," levying "revolutionary taxes" and pocketing the receipts, their slovenly ways and their fierce looks concealed a rabble of neighbors, artisans, and shopkeepers disguised as soldiers in red and blue uniforms. Cobb brings this anarchic hodgepodge to life as no army has lived before.

They had been recruited by unemployment or underemployment, the attraction of high wages and of a uniform, the taste for adventure, the call of idealism, patriotism, idleness, or greed. Some were cowards slacking off, others were brave, a few were even sporadically kindly. Some were attracted by the possibility (as one wigmaker put it) of having a spree at peasant expense, the promise of gastronomic spoils, or fantasies of forthcoming farm girls. Others sought action, loot, or concealment: criminals, former monks or priests, aristocrats, or the servants of proscribed émigrés. Most felt the pull of vanity, the flattery of their role as redressers of wrongs and defenders of the poor.

Cobb finds among them no class consciousness, no thought-out social program, but a genuine hatred for enemies of the regime and a punitive will enhanced by excessive drinking. And they are humorless, since wit is the prerogative of the former privileged classes. They stress orthodoxy, attach immense importance to words, enjoy verbal violence and simplistic explanations. Always ready to interpret supply difficulties as political sabotage, to take incompetence as proof of counterrevolutionism, they credit the most fantastic rumors: of stocks hidden in the bowels of the earth, of underground passages by which grain is smuggled abroad, of reactionary plots and pacts of famine. Prompt to denounce, they are touchy, suspicious, and naive.

These were the men supposed to implement a brutal program of war economy for which the rich would pay. It was all quite simple. One was for the Revolution or one was against it. The revolution they recognized was well-intentioned: leveling, optimistic, egalitarian. Their revolution represented small consumers,

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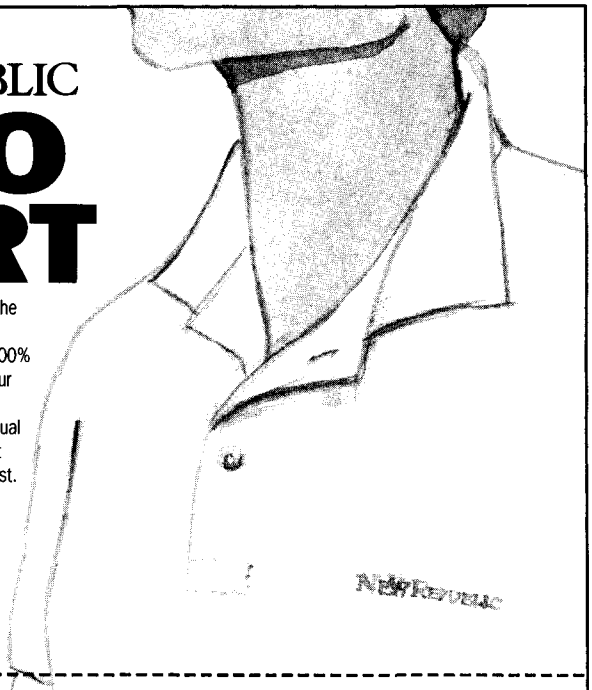

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their people's armies represented small consumers in arms, their prejudices were the age-old prejudices of the little people against *les gros*: farmers, merchants, lawmen, and better-off shopkeepers like butchers and bakers. Their primitive puritanism, the moral condemnation of idleness and luxury, the naive but sincere concern for social justice, made them especially eager to punish those who endangered food supplies for themselves, their neighbors, their families, their friends.

Cobb does not judge, he explains. He reminds us how ordinary these "janissaries" of the Terror were. Even the Marat Company, symbolically named after the murdered hero of the extremists, who distinguished themselves by helping to kill hundreds at Nantes, was made up of simple clods executing the orders of their superiors. True, they were often dishonest, they pursued everything in petticoats, they sacked presbyteries and above all cellars. (These *buveurs de sang* drank mostly wine.) But they had been brutalized by circumstances, by the experience of war, by living in fear in a hostile environment. In such a climate, small shopkeepers and peaceable umbrella vendors became ferocious brutes who drowned and shot, stabbed and battered, without pity.

It was not sadism that prompted demands for swift, exemplary justice against domestic enemies. The situation was desperate and so was the regime. Revolutionary soldiers were men in a hurry. Time was short. Revolutionary justice was not meant to be cruel but expeditious. The counterrevolutionary, the idle, the indifferent, the lukewarm, the fanatical (that is, the religious), were not simply dangerous, they were *inutiles*—useless, hence with no right to food.

There was nothing original about using military force against domestic enemies: armies were always meant to combat the enemy within as well as that without. But the Terror was more than a method of repression. It was a political system, a way of ruling, a way of living. It had to be sudden, unexpected; to strike with surprise and speed. And it worked. On the eve of their disappearance in March 1794, the people's armies had fulfilled their main goal: they had assured bread supplies to Paris. Fear had persuaded enough "selfish" farmers to act patriotically and help supply the great cities with grain. It spared the government from bread riots. Butter and cheese soldiers, as their enemies called them, had provided towns with the means to dictate their wishes to the countryside. Requisitioning horses, confiscating metals, coins, jewels, occasionally purses, and even shaving mugs, they helped supply the nation's armies with grain, fodder, bandages, and clothing. They had preserved the Revolution.

But their brutality and the talk of their brutality, designed to inspire "a salutary terror," also disseminated urban news and ideas where they had not been found before. The Revolution had reversed the old order. There was to be no more bowing and scraping, no tugging of forelocks or doffing of hats. Urban *sans-culottes* exhorted villagers to throw themselves upon their erstwhile betters and to "let them also eat black bread and onion soup." They took linen and blankets from rich farmers and distributed them to the village poor. It was the turn of yesterday's oppressed to sleep in feather beds and to intimidate those who had lorded it over them.

It was also time for Christianity to be dethroned. The new Republic had meant to remain neutral about religion. True revolutionaries knew better. It was their duty to attack mistaken beliefs, superstitions, hence religion itself. Superstition and the old regime went together. The urban *petit peuple*, the little people who filled the people's armies, were virulently anticlerical. Their resentment of priests as idle, lascivious, parasitic, their theatrical iconoclasm, their spectacular holocausts of images, all made for violent clashes, frequently led by women, and for patriotic mysogyny as violent as the "fanatical" women were.

THUS the revolutionaries deprived country people not only of their grain, but also of their God. They replaced the Christian calendar with a revolutionary calendar; they prohibited religious services and forced the closure of churches; they hounded priests, hammered holy statues, confiscated church silver, blasphemed holy ritual, defined Catholics as enemies of the Republic and made sure that was what they became. The patriots' identification of Catholics with counterrevolution turned out to be self-fulfilling. Peasants fighting for their rituals and their saints provoked repression, repression invited rebellion, rebellion justified further repression:

> More than recruitment, requisitions, the Maximum, billetting, it was the iconoclasm, the blasphemous sermons, the closing of churches which in peasant eyes represented the revolutionary system, the new spirit from the town. In every age peasants had been squeezed to provide lodging, grain, fodder, taxes for the military. Iconoclasm was a novelty unheard of since the Wars of Religion, and it turned peasant resentment into a sort of religious war.

Of course the conflict between revolutionary soldiers and country people was less ideological than cultural and emotional. Parisians distrusted the provinces, townsmen distrusted peasants; but the Terror at the grassroots was as complex as life itself. There were traditional enmities between neighboring provinces or towns, old rivalries between neighboring localities competing with each other, old quarrels pitting those *d'en haut* against those *en bas*. At the village level the Revolution provided rich occasions for settling old grudges. Revolutionary detachments became pressure tools in the hands of local clans, auxiliaries of wily local politicians using them to settle personal scores.

Cry

Morning through a city garden widens
its swath. Shiny eyes of cinquefoil,
eyes of myosotis, bruised lobelia
refuse to blink. Intruders trapped in the cross-
stare harden, crumble into fine
dustings because our sympathies
will not adapt to sun and cinquefoil: our world
steel and concrete, oil and song.

We hoist our lives high over the traffic
and screwing gulls; hoist bags
of soil to terraces at the setbacks; set out
cinquefoil, watch its leavings, count
its days. Some days we doze in the sun
and dream we too are cinquefoil or lobelia,
blowing and blanching without demur.
Then pneumocystis breaks.

We open our eyes to that skyline we incised
and know as a jet cuts through haze:
cities are our gardens, with their stench
and contagion and rage, our memory, our
sepals that will not endure
these waves of dying friends
without a cry.

MICHAEL LYNCH

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Cobb conveys the intensity of these struggles, and the enormous impression made by the tornadolike sweep of this urban terror, how many remote regions felt the great anarchical wind of this ultra-revolutionary epoch. The propaganda surrounding the detachments was intended to frighten and to spread panic. It succeeded all too well. It took only a few men with their terrifying appearance, their verbal violence, their finger on the trigger, to upset the life of a village. Country people remembered their vivid passage, they remembered the *promenades vengeresses* of flying columns that left a trail of corpses and burning farms and churches, and the legend of their passing became increasingly inflated with time. Few would mourn the demise of an institution that had been nothing but encouragement to riot and disturbance and disorder.

BY 1794 country folk were not alone in their animosity. Others were discovering the weak points of a political army based, no less than its predecessors, on nepotism, privilege, political favors, and personal relations. The officer corps, in which promotion was too easy, seemed disproportionately large; the heavy bureaucratic structure enhanced confusion; the army staff numbered too many adventurers; the rank and file's enthusiasm evaporated when faced with serious challenges. As one Norman *sans-culotte* prudently put it: "Before we rush to the borders to destroy the satellites of tyranny, let us first destroy internal traitors," not too far from home.

Tension was growing between the regular army and the revolutionary troops who received four times the pay of regular conscripts. The volunteers' high pay enticed workers (whose pay-rates were subject to the Maximum) from the manufacture of war materials or clothing for the troops. The underfed populace grumbled at the sight of overfed troops lodged and fed at the expenses of *riches égoistes*. Revolutionary rulers in Paris were troubled by fear of a *sans-culotte* army replacing established authorities with spontaneous revolutionary institutions representing "real" popular sovereignty and more direct democracy.

Above all, perhaps, the revolutionary soldiers themselves were eager to turn in muskets, sabres, and pikes, and return to their hearths and shops. The dissolution of the people's army brought (almost) general relief. Its members were easily reabsorbed into the *petit peuple* whence they came. Their spectacular, short-lived existence would be remembered less for what it was than for what it pretended to be: terrifying, cruel, pitiless, unrestrained.

In July 1794, four months after the army's dissolution, Thermidor put an end to the official Terror that had been incarnated in Robespierre. The terror continued, but it was a policed terror from now on. People were still afraid, terror was just as ferocious and far more effective, but everything was done in a more orderly fashion. Revolutionary terror had become revolutionary bureaucracy. And over the next few winters, shortages and hunger haunted the townsfolk as they had not done while their armed representatives scoured the countryside to prevent it.

A few unrepentant terrorists continued to be true to their revolution. Cobb savors the weird vagaries of their abortive plots, of unbelievable explosive devices, bizarre objects patiently put together at the back of some courtyard, hidden under the bed to await the glorious day when tyrants got their comeuppance. He finds in these efforts a poetry, "marvellously urban," of a popular Paris, "violent, generous, ingenious and naive," and he insists that we should not sit in judgment on such men, but simply try to show how they acted and reacted.

MANY HISTORIANS say this sort of thing; Cobb is one of the few who is as good as his word. He is an exception, an eccentric, and his well-written history is eccentric in its refusal to condemn, in its determination to understand humans, in its fascination with what makes men and women tick. In the inspiring essay that serves as introduction to *A Second Identity*, which appeared in 1969, Cobb makes his position clear: "I have never understood history other than in terms of human relations; and I have attempted to judge individuals in their own terms and from what they say about themselves, in their own language."

He amplified this a year later in the introduction to *The Police and the People*: "I am writing about people, not about movements; about attitudes, prejudices and mentalities, not about thought." No abstractions, but concrete information supplemented by "a certain amount of guesswork and imaginative reconstruction." No generalities, only particulars: in this place they were like this, in that place, like that. His history is about variety, about idiosyncrasy, about eccentricity; and this is what makes it (as he said about a town he loves, Lyons) "inspiring, exhilarating, and infuriating all at once."

The historian's job is to pry into other people's lives and business, to force their privacy, uncover their motives, imagine how acts and situations have come about. Yet this meddlesome paragon of indiscretion, the historian, usually proves reticent about his own motives. Not Cobb: he is unusually informative about his past and his adventures in the historical trade, prodigal with autobiographical writings full of clues to the way he came to history and to the way he does history. In the first place, the "desire to read other people's letters, to breach privacy, to penetrate into the inner room." That, he says, is what being a historian is all about. Then, concrete history, first inspired by Lewis Namier, "not a lot of airy-fairy stuff about ideas." Being specific: about people, but also about the places where people move and act, the nature of the place and its effect on people.

Being specific also means avoiding the the ideas that are "often a cover for over-simplification." To take just one example, Cobb's predilection for activities only dimly documented in official histories made him aware (long before it was fashionable to be so) of the part that women played in the Revolution and Counterrevolution, of their preponderant role in popular disturbances and public violence, spurring their husbands to action, treating them as cowards when they were slow to move, inculcating them with republican or anti-republican ideas.

Few of our most crucial activities take place center stage; great waves thunder and break, while below the fish go on looking for food. Historians, Cobb has written, "should not intellectualize about people often less sophisticated than themselves." That is why he criticized

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R.R. Palmer's view of a whole age of democratic revolution: "there is no room in [Palmer's] elegant scheme of things for thirst, hunger, drought, envy, social resentment, boredom, hatred, malice, distress, failure, poverty, hope, panic, fear."

Because of his fascination with details, Cobb can lose the forest for the trees. Carried to extremes, as it has sometimes been in his later work, ultra-impressionism has inspired criticism of what another historian has called Cobb's "love of detail for its own sake, the deliberate refusal to place material in a general historical context and the tendency to reduce history to a string of anecdotes, whose significance escapes most readers." Cobb would reply that it's the trees that matter, that the forest is just a concept, easier to formulate than to see or to smell. Certainly, he is more interested in doing history than in talking about how it should be done: "Why do historians spend so much time arguing, imposing definitions, proposing 'models,' when they could be getting on with their research?"

It is his own pleasure and his own excitement that Cobb communicates in the massive scholarship of *The People's Armies*, or in his more picaresque excursions. He is never remote, never detached, never pedantic, but visual, tactile, sensual. He is an artist, and quite right. "For history is not a science, nor should it be written by teams. We can leave that to surgery. The writing of history is one of the fullest and most rewarding experiences of individual personality." Sometimes, as with a book by Cobb, the reading of history can be that, too.

EUGEN WEBER

Eugen Weber's *France, Fin de Siècle* has just been published in paperback by Harvard University Press.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

that would murder, imprison, or drive into exile all those who did not completely support it. Second, this dictatorship would have to bring the country to such a level of poverty and despotism that millions would risk their lives to escape.

Hendrik Hertzberg should recognize that our defeat in Vietnam was a victory for a brutal government, while the Russian defeat is a victory for a government that promises a chance for freedom and economic progress.

LAWRENCE W. HYMAN
Ridgewood, New Jersey

STRIP JOINTS

To the editors:

Even the withering indictment by David Pryce-Jones ("Strip Tease," February 1) understated the duplicity and hypocrisy of the British Foreign Office and junior minister David Mellor. Less than a month before Mellor's New Year's visit to the Gaza Strip, during which he so publicly deplored the living conditions of the Palestinians there, the United Kingdom had voted in the United Nations General Assembly to condemn Israel for attempting to improve housing in the Gaza Strip.

In 1971 Israel built 10,000 units, with electricity and water, to house about 60,000 inhabitants of the refugee camps in the strip. Israel planned to sell these units at very low prices and on long-term credit to refugee families, demolishing as they were abandoned the miserable old shelters in which the refugees had been living, many since 1948. The PLO saw this as a menace to their base in the camps, threatened any refugee who dared to occupy the new housing, and called upon the U.N. for support.

The U.N. responded with 17 consecutive resolutions—one each year since 1971—in which the General Assembly, in the language of the December 2, 1987, resolution, "reiterates strongly its demand that Israel desist from the removal and resettlement of Palestine refugees in the Gaza Strip and from the destruction of their shelters."

The United Kingdom joined 149 other U.N. members in voting for the resolution, which was opposed only by the United States and Israel. Mellor's posturing is a metaphor, not only for the role of Great Britain, but for that of our other Western allies in gratuitously adding to the misery of the Gazans.

ROBERT REISMAN
Providence, Rhode Island

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TRB, *from page 4*

ment in the United States (over what we've invested abroad) means that some day we'll be sending more money abroad, and we'll be poorer for it. When that happens, ironically, we'll be running a trade surplus and *exporting* capital, just as the Third World borrowers of the 1970s are doing today, much to their chagrin. The less borrowing we do today, the less paying we'll do tomorrow. But restricting foreigners' right to invest here gets the problem backward. The problem is our needing the money, not their willingness to supply it. Cutting them off without curbing our appetite would bring disaster, not relief.

"We currently have a review mechanism for foreign acquisitions of companies with defense related activities," writes Rohatyn. Why not extend it to other vital areas? "For instance, should we allow Sony to acquire control of Time Inc. instead of CBS Records?" Answer: yes. Once you expand such controls beyond the purest defense considerations, almost any company can come up with a "vital national interest" reason to block almost any foreign takeover. Some Third World countries have finally awoken to the fact that they've been stupid to discourage foreign involvement in their economies. We'd be even stupider to repeat their mistakes. It's not as if we have nothing to learn from Sony.

In investment, as with trade, there is the troubling question of reciprocity. Japan characteristically has heavy restrictions on foreign investment. Why should we let them do what they won't let us do? The answer, as with trade, is that their barriers are bad for them as well as us, and our lack of barriers is good for us as well as them. It's not a question of being dupes or suckers.

The American Challenge, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schrieber's paranoid classic of the 1960s, made many of the same arguments about U.S. investment in Europe that are heard today about Japanese investment in the United States. The alarmists are not numb to the irony. However, the Tolchins write, "The oil crisis of 1973 intervened to diminish America's industrial power." In fact, the oil crisis hurt energy-poor Europe a lot more than America. What intervened was the realization that American investment was good for Europe.

"Economic nationalism" sounds very grand and self-assertive. In fact, it's small-minded and defeatist.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Mean Streak

NOT ONLY every presidential candidate but practically every American has sounded off this year about the need to preserve the family. A lot of this is lip service, but I don't mind. Hypocritical statements in a good cause are better than no statements at all. And I like some of the proposals that have been offered to make life easier for parents and children: better day care, tax breaks for women (or men) who stay home to rear their children, an increase in the personal exemption, paid parental leave, etc. But there's one colossal cause of trouble that no one confronts: divorce. Not that divorce ought to be outlawed to save the two-parent family. That's too repressive. Besides, there are sometimes good grounds for divorce. What if a husband joins the Jaycees? Divorce is the only recourse. But why not make divorce difficult? I think many divorces occur because splitting is quick and easy, even when kids are involved. I'm in favor of prolonging the period between filing for a divorce and having it granted. Two, three years might be appropriate. I'd also get rid of no-fault divorce. A damn good reason should be required for a divorce. And hard-nosed counseling ought to be mandatory, at least when the couple has children. Marriage counselors should be blunt about the bad effects of divorce on children. My guess is that lots of folks, given a long period to consider the impact of a divorce, will discover that their differences aren't irreconcilable after all. One more thing. No, I don't think this would scare people from marrying in the first place. But if it did spook some people, fine. If their commitment is that weak, they shouldn't be getting married anyway.

I DIDN'T SHARE the enthusiasm that so many in the press had for Bruce Babbitt's presidential bid. But his departure was carried off nicely. Babbitt, of course, got practically nothing but adoring stories, print and TV, during the late stages of his campaign. His effect on journalists was to strip them of their normal skepticism toward an office-seeker. They melted in his presence, all the more when he advocated painful medicine to cure the American economy. So glowing were his clips that the mock battle cry of the Babbitt campaign became "let the press decide." But the people were not impressed, and he finished fifth in Iowa and sixth in New Hampshire. The day before he dropped out, Babbitt said, "Those who fear the power of the press will take reassurance from my performance." And he added to the *Washington Post*, "Anybody who thinks the press is too powerful should look at my campaign." Well, the press is too powerful, but not in presidential campaigns. This is because there is so much coverage that the voters learn an enormous amount about the candidates, including also-rans like Babbitt. They aren't dependent on whether journalists like a candidate or not. They have an idea of what they want in a president, and they get enough information about the candidates to decide for themselves who has it. Babbitt didn't.

THIS MAY BE hard to believe, but I thought Tom Grunik, the anchorman in *Broadcast News* played by William Hurt, deserved the success he achieved. The fact that he was a dim bulb who didn't work especially hard is immaterial. Smarts and hard work aren't the only legitimate sources of success, though I'd put them at the top of the list. Grunik had the kind of personality that viewers instantly like. This is a rare quality, a lot rarer than the relentless ambition and thirst for big stories that motivated Aaron Altman, the Albert Brooks character. Guys like Altman are a dime a dozen in journalism. They're depressing. But Grunik was born to be an anchorman. Now, a fellow like Grunik couldn't interview Mikhail Gorbachev or moderate a debate among 13 presidential candidates, as Tom Brokaw of NBC did in admirable fashion last December. But he wasn't presented as doing that in the movie. All he did was read the news and ask a couple of questions fed to him by the producer named Jane, the character played by Holly Hunter. His personality made him a success. Nothing wrong with that. There's an interesting parallel in politics: Ronald Reagan. Reagan never put in 16-hour days and was never accused of being too intellectual. Yet he became the dominant political figure of the 1980s. Believe me, other politicians resent his success, just as Altman resented Grunik's. But Reagan, too, was blessed with an extraordinarily appealing personality (and the ability to stir people). There's one more parallel: Altman and Richard Nixon. Both were grinds who had their chance and blew it. And both sweated a lot on camera.

IN POLITICS, it's sometimes hard to tell the difference between tactical anger and the real thing. My assumption when Richard Gephardt waxed indignant about Paul Simon's attack ad was that Gephardt was faking. His anger was simply a tactic to counter the ad. George Bush's anger at Dan Rather during their live encounter was at least partly tactical. And that would also have been my assumption about Bob Dole's fury over George Bush's TV spot criticizing him—except I saw Dole on live television. He really was mad. Yet the ad wasn't all that tough. The Bush campaign suggested that Dole, if elected president, might raise taxes and try to impose an oil import fee. Dole hasn't ruled either out. So the ad, though not exactly high-minded, wasn't out of bounds. But after losing the New Hampshire primary to Bush, Dole was steaming. And when asked by Tom Brokaw if he had a message for Bush, who was on hand live at a different location, Dole said, "Stop lying about my record." Dole should have saved his anger for his campaign aides in New Hampshire, who'd assured him he would win there. Following their advice, Dole went soft in the televised debate two days before the primary and didn't respond to the Bush television ad. Bad advice. Dole's advisers—and Dole too—forgot that voters experience drastic mood swings in the days before a primary. In Dole's defense, the outburst on NBC is probably the only public example of his supposed mean streak in years. From my own experience, I haven't the slightest idea whether Dole is mean or not. True, I've heard stories. But at least since his first presidential run in 1980, Dole has been on his best behavior. He's lost his cool only once, which isn't a bad record considering how much he's been in public. That's all it took to produce a spate of news stories about his meanness. This, not the Bush ad, is what ought to make Dole mad.

F. B.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Kings Box: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

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